THE Nation

VOLUME 144 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • MAY 8, 1937 NUMBER 19

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 521

EDITORIALS:

BILBAO AND THE WORLD'S CONSCIENCE 523

ARE WE SAFE FROM WAR? 524

THE MARKET RECESSION 525

ROOSEVELT II AND THE TRUSTS
by Paul W. Ward 526

"FORTUNE" MAGAZINE by Dwight Macdonald 527

WITH THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE by R. P. 531

BLOODY HARLAN by Frederick R. Barkley 532

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 534

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN by Heywood Broun 535

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

OUR ACTORS AND THE CRITICS by Mary McCarthy 536

THE STEEL INDUSTRY by Dwight Macdonald 538

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL—FOR FICTION
by Caroline Smith 539

THE SUNPAPERS by Oswald Garrison Villard 540

STEP BY STEP by Mark Van Doren 542

DRAMA: THE TAMING OF A SHREW
by Joseph Wood Krutch 543

FILMS: ON HORROR'S HEAD by Mark Van Doren 545

Editors
FREDA KIRCHWEY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
MAX LERNER

Associate Editors
MARGARET MARSHALL MAXWELL S. STEWART

Editorial Associates
HEYWOOD BROUN ALVIN JOHNSON
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Hugo Van Arx, Business Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager.

Copyright, 1937, by The Nation, Inc.

The Shape of Things

✶

MAY DAY IN EUROPE RAN A GAUNTLET OF guns. In Spain the day of working-class solidarity was filled with the roar of actual civil war as one segment of the world proletariat fought for its very life. In Moscow the Red Square and the sky overhead were black with machines for war against fascism, built with millions of Soviet rubles that might have gone into a higher standard of living. All over France, with the echo of Spain's struggle in their ears, hundreds of thousands of workers marched with impressive calm and orderliness: in the past year the French working class, in the face of great danger, has acquired a new sense of its responsibility and a new access of determination to keep the enemy back. In Berlin Hitler made a travesty of the day by turning it into a fascist festival. In Poland the celebration was not peaceful even though "several thousand" Communists had been arrested beforehand. Fascists distributed anti-Jewish leaflets and threw bombs at the Socialist parades. They succeeded in killing a five-year-old Jewish boy in the arms of his mother and in wounding several other persons.

✶

IN AMERICA THE GUNS SEEMED FARTHER away—though the Spanish war marched in the parades—and May Day, which was first celebrated as a working-class holiday in this country, took on a new significance in the light of the great union victories in automobiles and steel. New York put on its largest and most orderly parade, and in the industrial towns the day must have seemed brighter for the thousands of new union buttons flashing in the sun. For the first time, perhaps, many an American worker consciously joined the procession of international labor. May Day, 1937, demonstrated that the morale and solidarity of those workers of the world who are still free stand at a high level. But that happy reflection must be tempered by the solemn realization that during the next years they will be called upon—perhaps before another May Day—to face crises which will test every ounce of their unity and strength.

✶

MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE of the United States obviously live in a sort of Noah's Ark stranded on high ground to which floods never rise; they also wear blinders over their eyes and cotton in their ears, and they never read the newspapers—if one is to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judge by the resolutions passed at their most recent conclave in Washington. Their most cutting words were of course, reserved for the Wagner Labor Relations Act, which they consider unfair to organized business. They want the act amended in as many ways as possible in order to secure what they call "industrial peace." The chamber would curtail the right of picketing, prohibit federal, state, and municipal employees from striking, insist on the registration of employees' organizations that negotiate labor agreements, and in other ways make labor "responsible." Needless to say, it denounced the President's judiciary program and opposed the Walsh-Healey Act. It is against the corporate tax (to the death). A few notes of reality invaded the ark, notably that provided by Dr. Henry C. Metcalf, who told the audience that collective bargaining "has become absolutely essential in a modern industrial state." Mr. Metcalf even went so far as to say that Henry Ford has miscalculated. He escaped unharmed. Meanwhile there is every indication that the Chamber of Commerce will continue to steer its course not according to any new-fangled compass but by its own very dead reckoning.

✶

THE CRUSHING DEFEAT OF THE HAYASHI Cabinet in last week's elections threatens to plunge Japan into its most serious political crisis of modern times. Of the 466 deputies elected, only 11 have committed themselves to support of the government. The two major parties—the Minseito and Seiyukai—are almost evenly divided, while the Social Mass Party, Japan's version of the Popular Front, more than doubled its representation and comes close to holding the balance of power between the major parties. Premier Hayashi has intimated that he will not accept the verdict of the majority but will again dissolve Parliament. But with an overwhelming proportion of the population as well as of the Diet against him, it is hard to see how this would alter the situation unless he plans a coup d'état. The overwhelming size of the majority against the Cabinet rules out the traditional methods of bribery and intimidation. Thus after a series of compromise Cabinets running back over five years, it looks as if the final showdown between military and civil rule could not much longer be postponed.

✶

WITH THE PUBLICATION OF THE NEW IRISH constitution, De Valera's long struggle for complete independence from Britain enters its final stage. The constitution itself does little more than register formally a divorce which has long existed in fact. In abolishing the office of Governor-General last year, the Free State actually severed the last tie with Great Britain as far as domestic affairs are concerned. The present document would cut Ireland adrift in international affairs as well, although it leaves the way open for an alliance for purposes of defense. Most striking of the changes in the structure of the government is the creation of the office of president, for which Mr. De Valera himself is doubtless headed. As in France, the president will be the titular head of the government, but the actual power will rest in the hands of a cabinet responsible to the legislature. But in addition he will appoint the judiciary and exercise authority as head of the army without responsibility to the government. Although provision is made for the inclusion of northern Ireland in the new republic Eire, there is little chance that De Valera will court British displeasure by pushing this point at present.

✶

THE BEST NEWS THAT HAS COME OUT OF Puerto Rico in months is the signing of a bill legalizing the distribution of birth-control information. The adoption of the measure followed a long and bitter struggle in which the Catholic church led the opposition. The new law is a triumph for the intelligence and humanity of the island legislature and will be an invaluable help to the groups that are struggling against almost hopeless odds to improve the dismal social life of the island. But no experienced social worker or government official will expect important immediate results. The church has ancient and effective weapons at hand with which to resist the spread of birth-control knowledge; and the ignorance and desperate poverty of the population will be its chief aids. Only the first round of this fight has been won. But it is a very important round.

✶

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS IS busy harvesting its spring crop of academic-freedom cases. Troubles in the colleges mature at the season when appointments are made and contracts terminated. We have already commented on the dismissal of the two economics instructors at Harvard, Alan R. Sweazy and J. Raymond Walsh; a full discussion of the educational implications of that case will appear next week. Meanwhile other academic plums have dropped. The dismissal of Henry Klein from Brooklyn College, New York, has been taken up actively by the federation, while its special committee on academic freedom has just issued a full report on the dismissal of Jerome Davis from the Yale Divinity School. The report is based on an eight months' survey of the case, including a study of the regulations governing appointments, promotions, and tenure at Yale, an analysis of the evidence, interviews with Professor Davis's colleagues and students, and an examination of his correspondence with the university. On the basis of this study the committee has arrived at certain unanimous conclusions which are worth summarizing: (1) the budgetary explanation of Professor Davis's dismissal offered by the Yale administration has no validity; (2) the contention that his scholarship and teaching ability are inferior is not supported by the testimony of students, former students, and his colleagues; (3) the Yale Corporation, not the permanent faculty of the Divinity School, is directly responsible for dropping him; (4) his dismissal represents a clear violation of academic freedom; (5) the procedure followed by the administration abrogated the recognized principles of tenure; (6) ". . . Professor Davis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be restored to his post in accordance with the recommendation for reappointment voted by the Divinity School permanent faculty." We understand that a student demonstration is planned to coincide with a meeting of the Yale Corporation this coming Saturday. We hope its protest penetrates the walls of the meeting place and serves at least to trouble the collective conscience of that autocratic body.

*

YALE MAY NOT ALWAYS RESPECT ACADEMIC freedom and worth within its own walls, but it has taken the right position in declining the invitation of Göttingen University to send a delegate to that institution's 200th anniversary celebration. So has Princeton and so has Oxford. Harvard has blundered again as it did when Heidelberg's 550th anniversary took place last summer; its action is the more amazing in view of President Conant's fine stand in declining money from Hanfstängl and stressing the note of academic freedom throughout the recent tercentenary celebration. If ever there was a case for a boycott, here is one. Not only has half the Göttingen faculty left or been dropped since Hitler came in, but it is announced that the Göttingen celebration will put National Socialism "to the front." The National Socialist student leader has recently declared that "the German universities have only one enemy—the so-called free student. This is the type of student against whom we have declared open war." That student's offense is of course that he dares to profess other beliefs than those of National Socialism. Oxford's rejection is the more striking because it had tentatively accepted the Göttingen invitation. But when the vice-chancellor warned the university authorities that acceptance would be interpreted everywhere as approval of the suppression of free scholarship by the Nazis, the Hebdomal Council rescinded its action. Only tiny Durham, of all the English universities, has accepted the Göttingen invitation.

*

GOVERNOR LEHMAN VETOED THE BERG BILLS in vigorous terms just two hours after we went to press last week. The wonder still remains that the New York State legislature could have passed by a large majority a set of bills which would have made it practically impossible for an independent candidate to present himself for election. Obviously such legislators should be watched.

*

AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER AS EDITOR of *Collier's Weekly* during the administrations of President Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft, Norman Hapgood exercised great public influence. A man of real ability and the finest character, without selfish ambitions, he soon found himself, an Eastern journalist, with a tremendous Middle Western following. But he could not take that with him when he went to *Harper's Weekly*, or make use of the great opportunity to place that journal in the forefront of the fight for liberty and progress; it went the sad way of so many historic publications. Perhaps as a journalist he lacked the warm appeal and ready humor that won him a host of personal friends. Perhaps his judicial and severely analytical mind prevented him from indorsing without qualification the cause of the under-dog toward which his sympathies inclined him. Whatever the cause, Norman Hapgood never repeated the success of his earlier years. His career, distinguished though it was, failed to measure up to his unusual capacities, and his friends will mourn his death doubly for that reason.

Bilbao and the World's Conscience

THE just indignation aroused in many quarters by the methodical bombing and extermination of the population of Guernica, the ancient Basque capital, and the horror provoked by the daily murderous shelling of civilian Madrid are not enough. The districts suffering from these atrocities must be helped quickly and generously. And the phenomenon must be analyzed. Absolutely nothing was gained by Franco through the premeditated annihilation of the peaceful citizens of Guernica. He may have thought back in October or November that bombing Madrid would undermine the morale of its inhabitants and force the Loyalists to surrender the city. That has not happened and cannot happen now. This slaughter, both in the Basque land and in Madrid, is altogether useless. American Catholics who uphold the bloody hands of Franco have much to explain and atone for. But Franco has nothing to explain. Those bombings explain more than any statements would. They announce that he has no intention of governing Spain with the consent of the governed. No Basques, no Madrilenos, no decent-thinking Spaniards will forget or forgive Franco's pointless wholesale cruelties. He must know this, but he does not care.

There has been pressure on the Loyalist government to retaliate for the bombardment of Madrid by bombing Salamanca or Seville or some other large rebel city. The Loyalist army could easily do this. It is not difficult to drop bombs on the immense target offered by a city—and then run. Yet despite the provocation, the Caballero airmen do not attack civilians. The secret of the struggle in Spain is hidden in this distinction between Franco's actions and the government's. The Popular Front leaders expect to rule all of Spain, and they have no desire to create unnecessary rancor and hatred of themselves. They feel that the people are their people. To Franco it does not matter. If he dominates at all, it will have to be with the aid of foreign bayonets or an unprecedented white terror, which will simply consist in massacring the masses.

The impression gains ground that Franco cannot win the civil war. He may register victories on the secondary Basque front, but even here the last shot has not been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fired. After all, Franco was within a street-car ride of the center of Madrid on November 6, but he has not taken the capital yet. The rebels do not appear to have sufficient forces to triumph on the battlefield. There are those who argue that the government, too, lacks the strength to become master of the entire country. Talk of conciliation and mediation is accordingly heard once more; but between the Fascists, who have murdered thousands of women and children, who have imported Moors and Italians and Germans to save Spain for medievalism and poverty—between them and the progressive-minded parties of the Popular Front there can be no truce and no peace. If non-intervention is even a half-reality, time favors the Loyalists. They have the industries, the money, and one asset which Franco can never hope to possess—the enthusiastic support of the people—whereas the rebels have only what Germany and Italy are willing to give them.

There are indications that the two Fascist powers are not as optimistic about their Spanish experiment as they once were. The reason probably is that they are too weak. There are three outstanding facts in European politics today. The first and most important is the gradual undermining of the economic and social strength of Germany and Italy. The second is the evolution of Anglo-French relations into what seems to be another military entente. The third is the tremendous increase in the Soviet Union's armed might. All these circumstances diminish Hitler's and Mussolini's ability to strike. Now is the time to make it completely impossible for them to strike. Those who regard this as "war mongering" are simply being stupid. Germany, Italy, and Japan constitute the dangers to world peace. France and England, to be sure, are also imperialist countries. Their hands are not clean. They have robbed and plundered. But they are sated now, they want no more territories, they are more democratic than Germany and Italy and Japan, and they are therefore in a different category. If this bloc of peace-wanting countries were sufficiently solid and bold, the Fascist nations would not be able to raise a mailed fist. We do not want war. But the way to avoid it is to warn the potential war-makers in advance that the rest of the world will not tolerate further aggression. Such firmness would mean peace.

That this policy represents realism is proved by Spain. If Germany and Italy thought they could get away with it, they would not even pretend to honor non-intervention obligations. They would march in full force and smash Spanish democracy. But they cannot. Their arm is too short. It would be well to serve notice that against the united democratic world's determined will their arm will always be too short.

The danger is that Germany and Italy, fearing that this is perhaps the last phase of democratic vacillation, will take advantage of it to launch an adventure less difficult than Spain. In these days Czecho-Slovakia looks terribly isolated. What Mussolini said to Schuschnigg in Venice, following as it did the weakening of the Little Entente through the Yugoslav-Italian treaty, must have made even President Benes less optimistic. Now Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, who has a pet scheme to divide Slovakia between the Poles and Magyars, is seeking to draw Rumania away from Czecho-Slovakia. Thanks to the new gigantic fortifications on the Rhine, France would have difficulty in rushing to the aid of Czecho-Slovakia. Russia would have to jump over the barrier of Rumania and could at best send only airplanes. The rape of Czecho-Slovakia may therefore seem an attractive prospect to Hitler unless England and France muster enough courage to order the Fascists to keep the peace.

Are We Safe from War?

WITH the signing of the Neutrality Act and the reporting out of the war-profits bill, Administration forces made substantial progress last week toward completing the program which is supposed to keep the United States out of war. Just how either of these bills is supposed to aid in achieving this objective is not clear. The Neutrality Act as finally adopted by the House and Senate is a far cry from either the mandatory law desired by our isolationists or the flexible measure advocated by those who support the idea of collective security. As it stands it does little more than place in the hands of the President the final choice of the side we shall support in the next war. There is, it is true, a mandatory embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war. But our trade in articles of this sort was relatively not great even during the World War. No steps have been taken to stop trade in copper, scrap-iron, cotton, oil, or other commodities which are indispensable for the carrying on of modern warfare. The most that the President can do is to forbid American ships to carry such articles, and to insist that the "title" to the shipments be shifted to some foreign company.

In its final form the "cash-and-carry" provision was made discretionary with the President. Thus it lies with the Chief Executive to decide after the outbreak of war whether we shall attempt to send goods to both sides and run the risk of having American ships sunk, or limit our trade to the nation which happens to control the seas. This, it scarcely needs to be pointed out, is the very opposite of true neutrality. In the event of any war the President is called upon at the very outset to decide which side the United States wishes to favor; and that decision will probably in the long run determine the side on which the United States may be expected to fight. To be specific: in a war between Great Britain and Germany the President will have to decide whether he wishes to attempt to run a British blockade of German ports and accept the risk of a war with Britain or to trade exclusively with Great Britain under the cash-and-carry provision. There is not even a suggestion that the President should be guided in making this decision by any form of collective judgment as to which nation was the aggressor and which the aggrieved.

Certain minor threats to American peace have un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubtedly been eliminated. Americans are prohibited from riding on ships belonging to belligerent nations; the arming of American merchantmen is forbidden; and it has been made unlawful for foreign warships to use American ports as a base of supplies in time of war. But the primary economic forces which operated in 1917 remain unfettered. The provision forbidding loans has been retained, but the President is given authority to permit "ordinary commercial credits and short-term obligations." No one, so far as we know, has suggested how loans are to be prevented once these credits reach substantial proportions.

Like the Neutrality Act, the war-profits bill as reported out of committee is dissimilar in many ways from the original bill. Some provisions of the Sheppard-Hill bill permitting the drafting of labor and management in time of war have been deleted, but others scarcely less dangerous, giving the President general licensing power, remain. The tax provision which would have allowed corporations to earn 5 per cent more than in the three years immediately preceding the declaration of war has been struck out and another inserted which calls for the absorption of all surplus profits after allowing "a fair normal return to labor, management, and invested capital." On the face of it this appears to be a desirable change, but the whole question of "a fair, normal return," which is the crux of the problem, is left to the interpretation of future Congresses. Even in its revised form the bill is a dangerous one. It still provides for immediate conscription of citizens for military service, and contains an implied threat of dictatorship. It must be defeated at all costs.

The Market Recession

FOR a few days toward the end of April it seemed as if the scenes of October, 1929, might be reenacted. Prices had been falling for weeks—from March 6 to April 28 the New York *Times* Index of stock prices declined from 142.12 to 126.76—but most of that loss occurred within the last week of the month. What caused the decline? Does it herald a slump in business activity or, as the financial pages of the newspapers tell us, should we dismiss it as a mere reaction from over-speculation?

Business conditions in general are extremely satisfactory. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production for April has been estimated at 118 as compared with the 1929 average of 119. With the exception of December, 1936, this is the highest point reached since the beginning of the depression. It is estimated that the steel output for April will come close to or exceed the all-time record set in May, 1929. Business profits for the first quarter of 1937 are running nearly 50 per cent higher than in the corresponding period of last year, with those in the steel industry far above this level. Combined earnings of the three largest steel corporations for the past three months were $42,751,185 as compared with $6,142,646 in the same quarter of 1936, a gain of 600 per cent! Employment in the manufacturing industries in March was approximately 1,600,000 higher than in March, 1936, and pay rolls were larger than at any time since the depression.

Since business reports remain excellent, it is evident that we shall have to look elsewhere for the cause of the stock-market decline. Two sets of influences appear to be at work, one domestic and the other international. Primary among these is the growing belief that the government intends to check inflation by various restrictive measures. The present recession really started with the announcement of higher reserve requirements for the member banks of the Federal Reserve system. It has received its greatest impetus from the series of warnings which the President has issued against price increases and speculation. Added to these have been the deflationary implications of the President's intention to slash the budget by 10 or 15 per cent and to hold relief expenditures to a maximum of $1,500,000,000.

These domestic influences have been reinforced by a worldwide drop in commodity prices caused, apparently, by the lessening of the danger of immediate war in Europe. As in the case of our stock market, the recent sharp increase in the world price for copper, scrap-iron, and wheat was largely speculative in character. Although the armament race continues unabated, removal of the threat of immediate hostilities has brought prices to a more normal level. Our markets have also felt some repercussions of the proposed excess-profits tax in Great Britain which contributed to the sudden break in British prices.

As matters stand at present, the decline in prices should not be viewed as cause for alarm but as a healthy reaction from over-speculation. Another possibility remains, however. The decline in prices itself might induce a new deflationary cycle. Panic, like boom psychology, is contagious. Already there are reports of cancelation of orders by various wholesalers in anticipation of still lower prices. The probability is that this will not go very far as long as employment and wages are sustained at their present levels. But if certain producers get panicky and curtail production, a recession is not out of the question.

Wall Street is instinctively right, moreover, in doubting whether business activity can be sustained if the government attempts to balance the budget through heavy economies—especially in relief. During the last six years the tendency to oversave on the part of the wealthier groups in the community has been counterbalanced by heavy government expenditures based on borrowed funds. Should these expenditures be cut at a time when the income of the wealthier groups is expanded by abnormal business profits, serious effects might be felt throughout the economic system. Mass buying power would be curtailed, and the prospects for capital investment reduced. Already the present recovery movement has extended over a longer period than any previous one in history. Whether a slump of transitory or far-reaching character develops from the stock-market recession depends, in the last analysis, on the ability of the government, through increased taxes or otherwise, to maintain relief standards without threatening its own fiscal stability.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Roosevelt II and the Trusts

Washington, May 2

THE Roosevelt Administration has suddenly begun to emerge from that early New Deal phase when it confused monopoly with monogamy. Until a few days ago it had always behaved as if it thought the actual wedding of large corporate interests was essential to the birth of monopolistic practices in restraint of trade. If a hundred or a thousand small enterprises banded together in an agreement to boost prices and maintain them at a unified though artificial level, to control production to the same profit-seeking ends, and otherwise to restrict the competitive forces which are supposed to be the things that make a capitalist economy work, that was merely the fulfilment of the New Deal's definition of "fair competition," and as such the agreement was embodied in an NRA code bearing the President's approval.

Chief among the events of the last few days signalizing a change of view in the Administration was the President's letter to Garner halting Congressional action on the Miller-Tydings bill. This bill was being pressed by organizations representing thousands of little retailers. Their objective was governmental enforcement of a device for assuring them a 50 per cent mark-up on all branded or trade-marked goods. Not until the zero hour did the White House awake to the fact that the bill was a serious threat to its hopes of reforming current price trends and so preventing a recurrence of the 1929 crash and attendant horrors; the Treasury had been quicker to respond, filing a protest based on its fears that the bill would boost liquor prices, with a consequent reduction in consumption and, hence, in federal liquor-tax revenues.

The President's action with respect to the Tydings-Miller bill was only one symbol of a change in the Administration's point of view. The letter to Garner was preceded by the filing of a Justice Department suit to dissolve Andy Mellon's Aluminum Company of America. It was followed by publication of a letter that the Attorney General had sent to the President reporting on his department's investigation of pricing practices in the steel industry and urging the establishment of a commission for a complete reconsideration of public policy with respect to monopoly and related aspects of our economy. The President indicated rather emphatically that he intends to promote a redrafting of the anti-trust laws, and the Department of Justice followed through by letting it be known that what is in contemplation is so broad in scope that no attempt at new legislation can be attempted at this session of Congress. Both the White House and the Justice Department managed to pin on the courts the blame for the present non-enforcement of anti-trust laws. And both had more than a little warrant for fixing the blame as they did.

The Supreme Court's responsibility for the NRA, which, while it lived, was the chief protector of monopolistic practices, seems to have escaped general notice. Ever since the Sherman Act was passed forty-seven years ago, the Supreme Court had been floundering in its complicated mazes. As early as 1895, in the sugar-trust case, the court laid down a definition of interstate commerce that has plagued the nation ever since and that, incidentally, knocked the stuffing out of the Sherman Act. It is not necessary, however, to go back that far. One need merely go back to the hardwood-trade-association case in December, 1921, and the linseed-oil case in June, 1923, in which the Supreme Court, shifting sail, banned joint selling, price-fixing, division of markets, production control, distribution boycotts, and sundry other beloved practices and principles of trade associations, only to reverse itself again and smile upon these practices in the maple-flooring and cement cases, decided in June, 1925. Promptly upon the rendering of these last two decisions the federal government began the active fostering of trade agreements in line with them, and it stuck to that course until 1929, when the Justice Department suddenly launched court attacks on eight different trade associations, involving the woolen, sugar-refining, asphalt-roofing, and corn-products industries, among others.

Five of these came to trial prior to 1932, with the government winning all five, the Supreme Court once more having shifted sail; and the Federal Trade Commission by the end of the Hoover Administration was engaged in a frantic pruning of the trade-practice codes which it had approved in the light of earlier Supreme Court decisions. This code pruning, coupled with the ravages of the depression, had set the United States Chamber of Commerce and kindred groups clamoring for legislation to legalize all manner of mercantile and industrial plots against the public interest, and once more the Supreme Court came to their rescue. In March, 1933, just as Roosevelt took office, the Supreme Court laid the egg from which the Blue Eagle was hatched a few months later. In the Appalachian-coal case it held that it was entirely lawful and constitutional for the supposedly competing owners of a sick industry to get together and form an agency through which they would sell their entire output. It mattered little that the court's approval was qualified to the effect that these things were permissible in a sick industry, for all industry in March, 1933, was sick or at least able to affect a convincing pallor if required. Out of it all came the NRA, which redefined the anti-trust laws so beautifully in the interest of the profit grabbers that they were quite willing for the time being to see a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few wobbly labor provisions tacked on to the recovery law.

When the NRA came into being, efforts to enforce the Sherman and Clayton acts were brought to an automatic halt. And when the Attorney General wrote his letter to the President a few days ago, reporting on the outcome of his investigation of steel-pricing practices, he was obliged to note that the Federal Trade Commission holds that the mere fact that the steel industry has kept alive the trade-practice section of its old NRA code is evidence enough that it is violating the anti-trust laws. He did *not* mention that, with that old code and the President's stamp of approval upon it to wave in the faces of a jury, the steel industry is safe from successful prosecution—at least until the anti-trust laws have been redrawn.

Under those laws many an attempt to bust a trust has been made, but no trust has ever been busted. Neither the courts nor the executive branch of government need take all the blame. Congress deserves its share, for Congress has kept the appropriation of the Justice Department's anti-trust division down to $435,000 a year, and only half of that sum has been available for Sherman and Clayton Act investigations and prosecutions. How puny a sum that half, or $217,500, is may be determined from the fact that it costs $100,000 or more to prosecute a major anti-trust case. Incidentally, the White House declined a few months ago to honor the Justice Department's request for a few thousand dollars to set up the economic-research staff so badly needed by its anti-trust division, and Congress has just seconded the White House's refusal. The refusal merely underscores the suddenness of the Administration's change of view. It is hardly to be questioned that the President's intentions, when he made the Attorney General's letter public, went little beyond a desire to throw an immediate scare into the price boosters—but I have reason to believe that the Attorney General was speaking in complete good faith when he called for a reconsideration of public policy with respect to monopolies. Two things lend a particular credibility to his call for anti-trust-law reform. One is his very evident doubt that action can be taken in time or that effective action can be taken at all under a capitalist economy. The other is his patent realization that to restore free competition and give capitalism one more chance to prove its capacity for working according to the theory of its defenders involves something much broader than a restatement of the anti-trust laws; it means a complete overhauling of private property rights, a sweeping revision of our tariff and taxation systems, reformation of our patent laws, an intensive currycombing and revision of the insurance companies, and the probable obliteration of investment trusts and holding companies, plus court reform and at least a sufficient degree of public ownership in basic industries to force competition upon the reluctant parasites of capitalism.

"Fortune" Magazine

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

I

THE commonest opinion about *Fortune,* current alike in Wall Street and Union Square, is that there is some improper connection between advertising and articles. Executives have been known to refuse information to *Fortune* researchers on the ground that their advertising budget wouldn't permit an article just then. (The refusal is usually put with regret rather than with indignation.) The tone of many articles might lead one to suspect the worst. But it can be flatly stated that such suspicions are not justified. Any attempt at direct pressure through advertising usually enrages the management so much that they stand firmer than ever. The Matson liner Malolo, for example, was once referred to in *Fortune* by her nickname among travelers, "Maloler the Roller." This was retained despite enormous pressure from the Matson Line—a display of virtue which is said to have cost Time, Inc., some $50,000. So far as the cruder forms of pressure are concerned, the editorial integrity of *Fortune* is of the highest order. But Luce and his editors are extremely vulnerable to influence of a subtler type—a tactful word from a great banker, a friendly lunch with a publicity man. It is a question of seduction rather than prostitution.

During its eight years of existence *Fortune* has been a social phenomenon as bristling with contradictions as the capitalist system for which it speaks. In the class war, whose existence it does not officially recognize, its forces have deployed with magnificent impartiality on both sides of the barricades. Damned for liberalism by reactionaries and for conservatism by liberals, charged with blackmail by corporations whose sensibilities it has injured and with venality by Wall Street cynics, *Fortune* drives madly ahead on its mysterious course, all sails set and the steering gear out of order.

As a journalistic inspiration, *Fortune* ranks little below *Time.* At once shrewd and grandiose, the concept was a magazine to chronicle the world's mightiest industrial civilization. The idea of dramatizing big business seems obvious now—as does the *Time* idea—but in 1928 no one had thought of it. Luce correctly visioned great tracts of virgin territory waiting to be exploited. "The greatest journalistic assignment in history!" cried the "promotion" booklets. As the idea was worked out—behind doors lettered "Time, Inc., Experimental Dept."—at the height of the 1928-29 bull market, it looked better and better. There was never any question as to the tone of the new magazine. The very name was redolent of success, fragrant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with money. The make-up, designed by a specialist in high-class advertising layouts, was, and is, as pompous, tasteless, and conservative as any banking mausoleum.

Then came October, 1929. Before the dust had settled, in those first chaotic months of disaster, *Fortune* presented Vol. 1, No. 1 to the world. A more dramatically inopportune moment could hardly have been contrived. But Luce persisted. And, wonderfully, the new magazine made its way. Advertising and circulation mounted steadily, and before the depression was half over *Fortune* was making money. Journalistically and commercially, its success has been complete.

Editorially, however, the depression developed in *Fortune* a bad case of schizophrenia. As things got worse and worse, the simple faith of the founders became increasingly inadequate. And so, although *Fortune* continued to run the success stories and the wide-eyed business romances it was founded to promulgate, gradually another note crept into its de luxe pages. A note of questioning, of criticism, however qualified, of reality, however muffled. The remarkable effect of the impact of the depression on *Fortune's* subject matter can be demonstrated statistically. Only 22 per cent of the 121 articles printed in 1930 dealt with non-business subjects. In 1931, 34 per cent were non-business; in 1932, 47 per cent; in 1933, 41 per cent; in 1934, 57 per cent; in 1935, 44 per cent; in 1936, 55 per cent. Up to October, 1931, *Fortune* ran 156 stories about business and industry to 48 on non-business topics. At the end of 1931 the depression finally penetrated the consciousness of the editors of *Fortune*. As though a dam had suddenly broken, a spate of articles on politics, government, and society in general inundated the magazine. For the last quarter of 1931 business articles were outnumbered 13 to 17. It was all very different from what the founders had planned.

The years 1932-36 might be called the NEP period in *Fortune's* history, when it was necessary, in order to exist, to retreat temporarily from capitalism. As the depression lifted, Luce began a drive to get back on the original track. He began reminding his writers that *Fortune* was, after all, a business magazine. It is too early to be sure, but there are signs that *Fortune*, along with the business class it serves, is venturing out of its cyclone cellar. It may be significant that for the last six months the proportion of non-business articles has been reduced to 40 per cent, the lowest since 1931. But before *Fortune* gets back to right-wing normalcy, Luce may have a fight on his hands. Some of the Nepmen won't take kindly to liquidation.

Fortune was pushed leftward during the depression to some extent because Luce was journalist enough to see that the New Deal was news and that big business, temporarily, wasn't. But the shift was mostly engineered by the writers, whose job compelled them to find out what really went on behind the façade of American capitalism. Their discoveries, whatever their political views originally, made them increasingly left-wing. This showed in their articles, although *Fortune* has never allowed the full extent of their disaffection to appear. But no amount of editing—and there were some heroic efforts—could completely eradicate the critical taint. The warfare between editors and writing staff has been continuous ever since 1932.

Whatever the result of the present struggle, the ruling powers at *Fortune* will fall on one or the other horn of a dilemma. If the writers prevail, a remote possibility, the already wide chasm between the magazine for which the advertising department solicits business and the magazine which the editorial department actually produces will yawn even more formidably. On the other hand, a victory for Luce might well be Pyrrhic, in that he might find himself with a magazine and no one to write for it. In spite of the high salaries it offers, *Fortune* has had great difficulty in developing a staff of writers. Various expedients have been used: established writers have been taken on at high salaries, cubs have been tried out at low salaries. But the mortality rate among new writers has always been high. For years *Fortune* has depended on five or six veterans to get out the magazine. What is required is literary ability plus some competence in handling masses of factual data. Writers with this combination of skills are likely to be liberals or worse. (*Fortune's* most recent accessions are John Chamberlain and James Rorty.) Indeed, it seems almost impossible to find a reactionary with the right stuff in him. Furthermore, Archibald MacLeish, the most valuable member of the writing staff, is also the leader of the liberal forces. If Henry Luce breaks with his present staff, he may be hard put to it to build up another. Catching young talent fresh out of college is one solution, but only a temporary one. *Fortune* breeds liberals, perhaps through the workings of the dialectical principle.

II

Sometimes one wonders if it makes much difference whether the liberals win out at *Fortune* or not. The results of their struggles to date seem hardly worth the effort. Luce and his friends, after all, own the magazine. And this is still a capitalistic society.

In 1930 *Fortune* published a eulogy of Albert H. Wiggin, in 1931 of Samuel Insull, Jr. In 1933 the present J. P. Morgan, whom only *Fortune* takes seriously, was the subject of a tenderly respectful biography. In March, 1934, the Van Sweringens were whitewashed (and their critics rebuked) in some 15,000 words. The most gruesome of the many skeletons in *Fortune's* closet is probably the amazing article on Pittsburgh (December, 1930) from the hand of Luce himself. "Pittsburgh," Luce pronounces, "is a gentle city." (The Mellons are gentle, too—for example, R. B. Mellon's whimsical remark, which Luce doesn't quote: "You couldn't run a coal mine without machine-guns.") As for living conditions, Luce reports: "Windows of Pittsburgh houses are washed once a week—by the maid, not by some window-cleaning concern."

The point about articles like this is not that they are printed—accidents will happen—but that they are accepted by the editors of *Fortune* as perfectly normal, factual, objective articles. The most blatant right-wing propaganda passes without challenge from the ever-watchful editors, but the mildest sort of criticism must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

justify itself with mountains of data, and even then is likely to be censored as "editorializing"—a capital crime at *Fortune* when committed by anyone but Luce. Like the rest of Luce's magazines, *Fortune* proclaims a middle-of-the-road editorial policy. But it has the Lucian conception of neutrality. Thus in October, 1936, there were three political tracts signed by Tugwell, Vandenberg, and E. T. Weir respectively. This two-to-one weighting toward the right was necessary, the managing editor explained in conversation, in order to "counterbalance" articles about Lewis and the C. I. O. in the same issue. These articles were by staff members, hence under editorial control and, presumably, objective. Thus *Fortune* must have felt that a neutral treatment of the C. I. O. was actually a concession to the left. When this was pointed out, the editor shifted his ground to an equally illuminating explanation: Vandenberg was the balancing factor, since he occupied a position politically midway between Weir and Tugwell. It is a touching picture: *Fortune* and Vandenberg walking arm in arm down the middle of the road.

It is significant that *Fortune's* approach to industry is technological rather than sociological. The details of machines, the technicalities of a balance sheet—these interest the editors of *Fortune*. How a corporation makes money is the point, not how it functions as a social organism. Thus in writing of the building of the Queen Mary, *Fortune* had so much to say about turbines that there was no space left for some remarkable (and disturbing) data which its British correspondent had collected on the social condition of the British workers who had been taken off the dole to build a luxury liner. It is exceptional to find a *Fortune* corporation story giving any appreciable space to labor relations. Companies with such sensationally malodorous labor records as National Steel, Republic Steel, and the Aluminum Company of America have been chronicled in copious detail with scarcely a glance at their labor policies. Machines and balance sheets are not only more "exciting" (a favorite word at *Fortune*) than social data, but they are also less likely to explode when handled.

Even *Fortune's* liberal gestures, on closer inspection, turn out to be not so bold after all. To slip over a liberal point it is often necessary to throw up a smoke screen of confusion. The recent article on England's foreign policy is definitely anti-fascist but also definitely muddled and superficial. A more penetrating analysis would probably have been sabotaged by the editors. It is sometimes possible to suggest the right conclusions in *Fortune,* but only for the wrong reasons.

The editors of *Fortune* live in a constant state of delighted alarm, like a small boy with a pea-shooter in church. The shrewder industrialists, stung, say genially, "Boys will be boys!" The stuffed shirts get really angry. But they might save themselves the trouble. The du Ponts were indignant when *Fortune* devoted a series of articles to them. They refused all cooperation, complained bitterly of being muckraked. Yet when these fearful articles appeared, they turned out to be at the worst a trifle gossipy. At best, they went so far in protecting the du Ponts' feelings as to arrive at this remarkable syllogism: (1) the du Ponts completely control Delaware politics. (2) "Nobody denies that Delaware politics stink." (3) "Many people believe the du Pont influence is the best in the state. . . . The family has generally stood for decent political rule." (4) "Possibly their ideals are higher than their practices." The outside observer might well have wondered what all the shooting was for.

Perhaps the most famous liberal gesture *Fortune* ever made was its article on munitions makers (March, 1934). Of its 10,000 words, 9,650 were devoted to the sins of European merchants of death, while 350 words told all that *Fortune* cared to print about their American colleagues. The du Ponts, by the way, got 15 words. In criticizing overseas capitalists, who advertise not, neither do they subscribe, *Fortune's* courage is leonine. In the number devoted to Japan last summer, its editors minced no words in describing the degradation and exploitation of the Japanese masses. But although *Fortune* has published four or five long articles on cotton-growing in the South, it has dwelt little on the exploitation of our own share-croppers. Last year, largely as the result of internal liberal pressure, a *Fortune* writer and photographer spent two months getting pictures and data on the share-croppers. Apparently, they found out too much. The article was written, but it never appeared. But last March *Fortune* did take notice of a Southern cotton plantation: the Delta and Pine, biggest in the country, which last year showed an operating profit of $518,000. Delta and Pine is Big and Successful. Hence *Fortune* finds it irresistible. The share-cropper is neither, and so is easily resisted. Lately *Fortune* has been surveying in detail typical working-class families. The idea is excellent, but *Fortune's* weakness for success leads to some odd selections as "typical" families. *Fortune's* typical Midwest farmer owned a farm worth $100,000 and made a *net* income of $4,000 in 1934. The typical white-collar worker got $58 a week. And it now appears that *Fortune's* typical automobile worker has recently got into trouble with the C. I. O. and is accused of being a stool pigeon.

One of the many sad things about being a liberal on *Fortune* is that one comes to realize that one's victories merely enable *Fortune* to establish a credit for editorial independence which may be drawn against later to justify some piece of right-wing propagandizing. Last year, for instance, I wrote some articles for *Fortune* on the United States Steel Corporation. The first was highly critical of the corporation as a profit-making enterprise. The corporation, naturally, objected. And the editor in charge, naturally, was for "toning down" or simply omitting whatever they objected to. It was a question, not of any left-wing doctrine, but of the most elementary kind of respect for factual data. After many conferences and lengthy memoranda, the fight was finally won, but with the important qualification that no harsh word be uttered about the corporation's present management. All the criticism was to be deposited reverently at the door of Judge Gary, dead since 1927 and so an ideal scapegoat. The corporation was restive throughout the series, but it waited until the final article to make its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grand putsch. This article was boorish enough to charge Mr. Taylor's management with the responsibility for the sad condition of the corporation. This was going too far. Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, went to work on the editors of *Fortune.* He scored a diplomatic victory which must have amazed even so seasoned a strategist as Mr. Lamont. Not only was an abbreviated and emasculated version of the article printed, but an objective (hence unflattering) biography of Mr. Taylor was excised completely and replaced by a full-throated burst of lyrical eulogy which the editor in charge took care to write himself. Since the preceding articles had been critical, most readers probably concluded that the Taylor management must be doing a fine job indeed to rate such praise. Nor was this the end. In the current issue of *Fortune* is a chatty little piece called It Happened in Steel, in which the recent C. I. O. settlement is credited solely to Taylor's statesman-like vision. The article, which is long on enthusiasm and short on facts, is built around a document composed by Mr. Taylor last summer, which *Fortune* calls simply "The Myron Taylor Formula for Industrial Peace." In one hundred ill-chosen words this says the steel corporation will bargain collectively with its employees but will not grant the closed shop. This, declares *Fortune* in italics, is *"A Milestone in Industrial Relations."* On the basis of this great state paper plus some backstairs gossip, *Fortune* builds up Myron Taylor as a great, in fact, *the* great industrial statesman of our day. Some people think that because the steel corporation, General Motors, and General Electric, all Morgan companies, simultaneously capitulated to the C. I. O., the House of Morgan may have played a part in bringing about the settlement. This idea *Fortune* repudiates, a little too emphatically perhaps, as "the most unrealistic rumor of them all." All things are possible, of course, and the article, in spite of internal evidence, may have some basis in fact. But is it "unrealistic" to detect here once again the fine Italian hand of Mr. Lamont of the House of Morgan? To put it vulgarly, did Mr. Lamont possibly sell Mr. Luce's editors another bill of goods?

Conservatives may applaud the censorship exercised on their behalf by the management at *Fortune,* but they are shortsighted if they think the matter stops there. Not only *Fortune's* quality as an interpreter of social forces, but its quality in general is involved. Luce and some of his editors believe that *Fortune* is more than a way to make money. They talk of it as a molder of public opinion, even as a valuable source for future historians. Lately I have thumbed through the hundreds of pounds of printed matter which *Fortune* has produced in its seven years of existence. I doubt if historians will be able to separate much wheat from the chaff. When a social system is decaying, it becomes increasingly difficult to do good work, whether in journalism, medicine, science, or art, within its boundaries. If the articles in *Fortune* are written in a slick, inflated, cheaply melodramatic style, if their brilliance has the glossy shine of a new Buick, if their logic is the verbal agility of the advertising copy-writer—the germ of the disease is a commercial philosophy which regards money-making as the prime end of man.

Luce, who once sat on the board of Paramount, has always been fascinated by Hollywood. And there is more than a touch of Hollywood about *Fortune,* and the rest of Time, Inc. There is the same reckless squandering of money and talent, with the same lack of results. The wonder about *Fortune's* articles is not that most of them are bad but that some of them are fairly good. For they are written under the same commercialized conditions that Hollywood finds so effective for the mass production of tripe. Adequate time is rarely allowed for research. Lengthy treatises on the most complex subjects are slapped together in a month or six weeks. And a great deal of such time as there is goes to waste because of the Hollywoodian inefficiency of Luce and his editors, who postpone all decisions until after the last moment and chronically fail to make monthly deadlines. The most efficient male in the place is a poet. Once the article is somehow written, it is pulled apart by several editors —usually of a lower grade of intelligence than the writer —rewritten here and touched up there. Sentences are deleted, paragraphs wrenched from their place and stuck bodily in some incongruous section, where they perch like cows stranded on barn roofs by a passing tornado. By the time it is over, the article is a shambles, bleeding internally at a dozen points where vital organs have been excised by the editorial scalpel. The better it was as first written, the more it suffers from being thus dismembered and reassembled. The assembly-belt method works better with automobiles than with journalism.

In its eight years *Fortune* has performed some useful services. The *Fortune Survey* is of real value, and the liberals have put over such excellent articles as the exposé of Hoover's relief policy in 1932 and last year's articles on the Twin Cities and Chicago politics. For all its circumspection the munitions article helped launch the Nye committee. But it is depressing to think what *Fortune* might have been. Granting that it would have to take the present social system as given, it still might have achieved some real measure of dignity, independence, and honesty. With the great news-gathering facilities of Time, Inc., at its disposal, with a staff of trained researchers and of writers skilled in condensing and popularizing data, *Fortune* might have played a serious part in interpreting our business civilization. Liberals and conservatives alike might have looked to it with respect, if not enthusiasm. But *Fortune* has merged itself into the capitalistic system so completely and with such enthusiastic abandon that it cannot analyze the system's workings. It is almost as vulgar and stupid as the industrialists of whom it stands in such awe. To expect more is perhaps naive. But certain English journals—the Manchester *Guardian* and the *Economist,* for example—have been able to take capitalism for granted and still comment on it intelligently. That *Fortune* has been unable to reach their level is a depressing evidence of the backwardness of our ruling business class.

[*This is the second of three articles on Time, Inc. The third will appear in two weeks.*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With the International Brigade

[*The following letter was written to a friend in America by a twenty-year-old member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, fighting with the government forces in Spain.*]

DEAR ——: In the first place, I can't give you any news. The boys here often wish that they could get a copy of the New York *Times* or the *Daily Worker*. Then they could get some news, even if inaccurate. I don't think anyone knows less about what's happening in a war than the soldier in it. If we see a Fascist bomber crash in front of us we know about it; if it crashes over the hill we either hear nothing about it, or we hear that the rebels attacked but were beaten back with terrific losses, and one of their tanks exploded. So I'll only tell you what I saw, and what men from the front have told me, and my own impressions.

Speaking of airplanes crashing, there's nothing more exciting than lying on the ground and watching a really good dog fight in the air. On our way here we went through a good bombing. We had just got out to eat at a little town when someone heard an airplane droning. Approaching us, low on the horizon, were three big dots marshaled by tiny specks. In half a minute they were three distant monoplanes, German bombers, surrounded by pursuit ships. In another thirty seconds they were the most terrifying things I have ever seen, three low, black, immense bombers directly overhead, dropping neat white packages which looked like ant's eggs. Curiously enough, every damn one of those packages was falling at me.

The mothers were herding their little children into doorways. Really a man can be cut just as deeply by flying metal as a child can; but these children with silky hair looked so defenseless and soft that I thought more of them than of myself. A few minutes later, when I was digging and pulling around debris, I recognized a little girl I had seen playing near us.

There were three of us in the ditch, one in front of me and one behind. They started discussing the war situation, with a local emphasis. "Look, they're dropping leaflets!" yelled one of them. He was a good soldier, but this was his first airplane raid. "Hell," said the other, "they look like bombs to me." Just then there was an earthquake and the trench started spinning like a roulette wheel. That was the first bomb. About the time I had cleared my head the next one dropped. If the first had been close, the next was almost on top of us. This gave rise to the thought: where would the third one be? It was close enough to send bricks whizzing above our heads, and our ears rang for hours, but still it missed us.

Suddenly there was a drone from another direction, and tiny planes with red wings flashed from a great blue cloud like lightning. There was a rattling like the little whirring noise-makers children use on Halloween. The sky was terrifically confused. Little red planes were climbing, swooping, following little white planes or being followed by them.

The last two of the three bombers turned around with a sweep and started back. What happened to them I don't know. As they turned they dropped their bombs, all at once, but they were rushed and missed the town. One of them destroyed an olive grove, while the other prepared a dry hillside for cultivation. The first bomber dived down the valley at a terrible speed with a red-winged pursuit plane clinging behind it. I turned away for a second to watch the fighters above me stitching the sky, and when I turned back there was only a cloud of smoke from a hillside.

Then came the job of pulling wrecked houses to pieces to find the bodies, crushed out of shape but still alive. I won't go into that. The bombs had not injured any of the soldiers in town, but they had done a good deal of damage near the market. I saw over a dozen civilians, chiefly children, carried away from a house where they had been gathered. The United Socialist Youth (J. S. U.) is pushing plans to "make each village a fort" by having shock brigades build bomb-proof dugouts.

I meant to spend less time on the air raid and more on the state of the nation. What impresses one immediately is the complete, unbroken solidarity of all the workers and peasants in wanting the war won and the whole former state of affairs overturned. If one happens to whistle the "International" while going down the street, two or three people going the other way start singing it on the spot, and one can hear their voices going into the distance. The children are loaded with badges and with pictures of Largo Caballero, La Passionaria, and Pablo Iglesias, and will give the People's Front salute —clenched fist to shoulder—on the slightest provocation. For that matter the greeting used by everyone is *Salud,* with the clenched fist. I went to a fountain yesterday to get a drink. An old woman with a great pottery jug was there before me, but when she saw my International Brigade badge she wouldn't consider filling her jug before I had drunk. They catch us and read us letters—in Spanish, an unknown language—from their sons at the front, dose us with oranges, bread, and too much *vino tinto,* and when they turn us loose ask us to look up their brothers in Montevideo, Uruguay, when we return home. In fact, they are even more cordial to us than to their own boys, for we have come from a distant, almost mythical country to fight against the fascists and the landlords and the foreigners who send the bombing planes over their houses.

And we seem to be beating them. From everything I have seen we are forcing them back step by desperate step. Nobody any more considers the chance of their taking Madrid. A cockney expressed it to me like this: "So General Mola had to stop the advance on Madrid.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For why? 'Cause he had to wait for his white horse, so he could ride into Madrid in style. But while he was waiting, the Internationals came in, and the Anarchists from Barcelona and the Socialists from Asturias and the Communists from Guadarama, and Mola's white horse turned out to be a bloody white elephant."

News has been coming from Guadalajara which might mean that the war will be pretty short. But long or short there seems very little doubt about whose victory it will be.

Mobilize every possible group to give aid to Spain. Material aid is needed—the Non-Intervention Committee has given us plenty of moral aid. The Spaniards treat the Non-Intervention Committee with respect but suspicion. A friend of mine going to the front said to me: "I've got a rifle here. Now I'm just an average shot, but I put more faith in that rifle than I do in every damn non-intervention pact between here and Tahiti."

So get the boys busy mobilizing help and sentiment. This fight in Spain is extremely important for the future of the world. Those of us whose future is going to be connected with that of the world for any length of time should see that it's important to our future too.

Fraternally yours, R. P.

Bloody Harlan

BY FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

THE bull-necked high sheriff of Harlan County, Kentucky, lifted his cold, heavy-lidded eyes to the chairman of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee with an air of hurt surprise. "Does the Senator feel it is a crime for a man to make money?" he asked. "Does the Senator want the whole United States on the relief rolls?"

The money in question was the $102,000 which Theodore Middleton had just admitted he had made and invested in the three years and four months since he quit a policeman's job, at $150 a month, to become chief of "Bloody" Harlan County's law-enforcement agencies, at $3,925 a year. Of course, the sheriff had had $1,000 in the bank and a small rented dairy farm at the start, back in January, 1934, but that hardly explained the extent of his accumulations.

The La Follette committee, however, had just finished hearing two weeks of testimony which explained pretty well the sheriff's sudden prosperity. Here are its high lights: Middleton was elected with the indorsement of the United Mine Workers on his promise to "clean up the county." The NRA was in operation and the U. M. W., banking on Section 7-a, was again trying to organize. One of the high sheriff's first acts was to induce half a dozen of the largest operators to indorse his $160,000 performance bond. This saved him about $600 a year. Next he and Morris Saylor, the new county judge, became partners with the county's largest mine operator in the store in which this operator's workers had to spend their wage scrip. The store paid dividends of 170 per cent a year, $2,400 a year to each partner. The sheriff and judge also opened the only wholesale liquor store in the county; no one else could get a liquor permit without their approval. A 400-acre dairy farm, stock in four coal companies, a downtown Harlan business block, a dairy plant, and a fat block of "big board" securities were ultimately added to the sheriff's assets.

But his real business was enforcing the law. For this purpose, the committee brought out, he has appointed so far a total of 379 deputies, 104 of whom have lengthy criminal records including mayhem and murder. A few of these deputies, usually two-gun men, are paid out of the sheriff's funds—one of them said he had to "kick back" almost half his salary—but the rest are paid by individual operators or the Harlan County Operators' Association. "Old Ben" Unthank, now missing, the association's pet operative, received monthly expenses up to $2,300 in addition to his salary, and "no questions asked" about how he spent it.

The county prosecutor, Daniel Boone Smith, is also on coal-company pay rolls as a "labor adviser," and has from time to time obliged by dismissing charges against company-paid deputies—in one case because the complainant, a shooting victim, would "never be able to appear in court." Smith's predecessor, Elmon Middleton, a cousin of the sheriff's, who really tried to enforce the law, was blown up with dynamite in the heart of Harlan town.

More light was thrown on the Harlan County political and official set-up when it was brought out that the president of the Operators' Association is head of the Democratic County Committee and its secretary-treasurer is chief of the Republican County Committee. Under this set-up some 65,000 people—the bulk of the employables being native American coal miners—have lived for the past three years in a state of terror.

The technique of Harlan's operator-dominated political machine is as simple as it is brutal. It has two main objectives—to keep out of the county any outside U. M. W. organizers and to drive out or beat into subservience any residents who show signs of resistance to the encompassing tyranny. Some big mines, notably one United States Steel subsidiary, maintain their own armed thugs to police their company-owned towns and expel strangers without charge or warrant, but most of them depend on the sheriff's forces. Alone among coal-mining counties, Harlan is still unorganized.

From a long line of witnesses the committee has heard the sickening story of the last three years.

When sturdy seventy-two-year-old Lawrence Dwyer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

took charge of the organizing campaign under the NRA, the Harlan killers even went out of the county to get him. A charge of dynamite set off just outside his room in a little hotel in the adjoining county blew him up against the ceiling. But bearing a charmed life—"I've been shot at by Ben Unthank's road killers so often I've lost count"—he escaped unscathed. R. C. Tackett, brought from prison to testify, admitted that he was one of three men hired by Unthank to kill Dwyer, and in consequence Ted Creech, burly, loose-lipped mine superintendent, threatened him in the Senate corridor with ten more years in jail when he returned to Harlan.

By 1934 some of the mines had been organized. James Westmoreland of Harlan, a clean-cut young union agent, sought to investigate charges of discrimination against union miners at the Cornett-Lewis mine, where the men had struck. When he arrived at the mine, he saw fifteen or more deputy sheriffs routing miners out of company houses and driving them into the mine at the point of the gun. He was told that Unthank and two other deputies had kidnapped John Smith, the union checkweighman, taken him out of the county, and beaten him up, warning him not to return on pain of death. The next morning Westmoreland found Smith, badly hurt, limping home, took him to the prosecutor and the sheriff, and asked for warrants against his assailants. The sheriff refused action, asserting that Westmoreland was "on the spot," too, and had better leave the county. The prosecutor, Elmon Middleton, pleaded with Westmoreland to drop the matter lest he be killed. On leaving the courthouse, Westmoreland testified, he was pointed out by the mine manager to a man who immediately slugged him with a blackjack and was only prevented from killing him by the arrival of city police. When Westmoreland brought charges against his assailant, they were disregarded by the grand jury and he himself was indicted for false swearing. When he summoned the prosecutor as a witness of the assault, the case was dismissed. Later Westmoreland's sister-in-law, a Berea College student, visited him and his wife in Lynch, a United States Steel mine town, where he was working. A company policeman ordered her to leave town within twelve hours or he would take her out. No offense was charged, he said. Soon afterward Westmoreland decided he had better leave the county.

Marshall Musick, a local lay preacher and union mine worker, was arrested on charges of criminal syndicalism, which were later dismissed. Next came a night shooting into his house in which his young son was killed. "As bad a crime as ever happened in Harlan County," said one of Middleton's deputies, who seemed confident it was a deputy job and who quit soon afterward because he "couldn't stand the way things were being done." "It was all because of the labor situation," he concluded.

"Harlan County is really a pretty good place to live," said R. E. Lawson, Cornett-Lewis mine manager, replying to Westmoreland's and Musick's testimony. "Of course, it's unfortunate that this one company store makes 170 per cent profit; ours makes only 18 to 21 per cent." Mr. Lawson also admitted that in his company town the company owns and operates the jail, the post office, all the houses, and the only public meeting place. "Our men just didn't seem to want the union," he explained, after telling of conducting a "secret ballot" on the issue with the workers required to sign their names. Westmoreland agreed that the union had folded up after Musick was jailed, the checkweighman run out of the county, he himself assaulted and jailed for "false swearing," and the striking workers prevented from leaving their houses for food or water and driven into the mines by armed guards.

Outside U. M. W. organizers, who in 1934 and 1935 came repeatedly into the county, received slightly different but no less menacing treatment. Their stories followed a uniform pattern. Before they arrived, they usually sent letters to the local officials promising peaceful organizing efforts as guaranteed by NRA's Section 7-a, later by the Wagner Act, and asking for protection. Invariably they were met by two-gun deputies, who "pushed us around in the hotel lobbies, stepped on our heels when we went out in the street, shifted their guns to the front of their belts when they saw us," as L. T. Arnett, an organizer, testified. If the organizers failed to flee at once, more violent tactics came into play. On one occasion, early in 1935, twenty-three local and outside unionists were jailed for three days without charges and held without permission to get bond. Later they were charged with vagrancy, and finally released with what they took to be good advice to get out. Trying it again with a more sturdy and determined group, the U. M. W. men found themselves besieged by more than thirty armed deputies in Harlan's leading hotel, and were warned by the hotel manager and city officials not to leave their rooms even to eat. In the end they had to call on Governor Laffoon, who provided a detachment of the National Guard to escort them out of the county.

Three times in 1935 the union organizers made new attempts of the same nature and each time they had to flee for their lives. All attempts to get protection from county or town officials brought veiled or open warnings to get out and stay out.

Nineteen thirty-six was peaceful; the Middleton regime had done its work well. But when late in the year Westmoreland got a $1,500 verdict for false arrest against the sheriff in federal court, the unionists thought another chance to organize might have come. Again the U. M. W. organizers entered the county. This time, it was testified, their rooms in the Harlan Hotel were drenched with tear gas at 3:30 a. m. and the sixty guests of the county's leading hostelry were driven into the street weeping and coughing. Almost simultaneously two of the organizers' cars were dynamited in the street before the hotel. At daybreak the organizers fled under protection of an escort sent by the sheriff of adjoining Bell County.

Today the organizers are in Harlan County again, encouraged by the Supreme Court validation of the Wagner Act and helped by the impact of the Senate hearings on the high sheriff. Incidentally, the sheriff never told where he got the money to make his $100,000 worth of recent investments. To do so, he said, might tend to incriminate him and put him in danger of a suit by the federal income-tax authorities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHATEVER else may be said about the President's Supreme Court proposal, it has become a red herring drawn across the trail which leads toward efficient legislation and administration. It is disheartening to look at the situation in Washington. We are in for a fight on the court bill which may run well into the summer, and the executive orders for cutting down expenditures are likely not only to head off adequate appropriations for relief but to sidetrack other important and necessary bills. Three years ago I wrote an article in *The Nation* pointing out that the President's whole program needed coordination and efficiency. It seems to me that the need is far greater today than three years ago. Since that time many of the President's ablest administrators, many of the exceptionally fine group of young men and women who flocked to Washington to be of service to the New Deal, largely because of their enthusiasm for it, have left the government service for one reason or another. One cannot go to Washington without feeling the loose ends in every department. And in case after case the situation leads straight back to the White House.

One of the President's most intimate friends said the other day that his greatest weakness was his inability to remove inefficient people whom he had appointed to office, especially if they were in his immediate neighborhood. But it seems to me that that is only one phase of his administrative failure. He cannot sit down and wreak himself upon an administrative situation. I know he is the most overburdened man in the world and I should be the last to grudge him vacations, but when I read of his going off just now to fish in Florida waters my heart sinks because of the grave situation of the legislative program, yes, of the government and the people. Everywhere there is confusion and uncertainty. For once I am beginning to feel some sympathy for the big business men of the country whose stock complaint is that they could get ahead if only the government would either let them alone or tell them what it proposes to do with them. Instead, we have the continual Rooseveltian compromises, the delayed decisions, the failure to think things through and to grapple with the problems of the hour.

As an example let me remind my readers of the situation in the Tennessee Valley Authority. It is an extremely unhappy one. The conflict of authority and policy between Arthur Morgan and David Lilienthal was fully ventilated in the press before Christmas, and it was stated that the President had decided in favor of Lilienthal. But the President did not decide for Lilienthal, and at the beginning of May the deadlock has not been broken. A commission has been appointed to look over the technical side of things and make recommendations, but the President has not acted promptly and fearlessly and removed one man or the other. Yet the impasse must be profoundly affecting the morale of the forces engaged in this gigantic undertaking. Last fall we were told that one solution was to be the creation of a group of similar TVA authorities. Today it is announced that what is now under consideration is a TVA to cover the whole country.

I need not dwell upon the tremendously vital question of adequate relief appropriations, because Paul Ward covered that in a masterly fashion in last week's *Nation*. The President says we cannot cut the army and navy budget, which will again run up to a billion dollars—with a warning from the House Military Affairs Committee that it will have to be much larger next year. Yet army and navy officers are pointing out that the budget is unduly swollen, that it is not producing an efficient army and navy, that we have no coordinated defense plan. The President is not even moved by the fact that Major General Johnson Hagood has put his military reputation behind the statement that our coast defenses are "a pile of junk." We are going to continue to appropriate money to keep that pile of junk up. Mr. Roosevelt is not interested in the opportunity to save at least $250,000,000.

The Puerto Rican situation is extremely dangerous, and it has not been improved but made worse by the President's letter to the new Puerto Rican Commissioner of Education ordering increased instruction in English in the public schools there. We are continuing our absurd policy of obliging the Soviet government by purchasing at $35 an ounce all the gold it is digging out of the Ural Mountains, and then proceeding to rebury that gold in a hole in the ground in Kentucky. The President refuses his consent to the taking of a real census of the unemployed and says that we know well enough how many there are. We know nothing of the kind. We do know that there are far more unemployed than can possibly be cared for by the $1,500,000,000 for which the President has asked. But there is no relation between this appeal for funds from Congress and the actual need; the warning of governors and mayors that they cannot take over the burden without bankruptcy is unheeded.

Meanwhile it seems true that, thanks in part to the court bill, the grip of the President on Congress is weaker than at any previous time during his Presidency. He is steadily losing support. Under the surface things are simmering. The Harrisons and Robinsons are giving him outward support, but at heart they feel hardly less outraged than Glass, while the progressive group steadily loses hope, for which again the President is to blame.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROUN'S PAGE

Pennies from Heaven

THERE is no optimist in the world like a man with a revenue bill. According to his rosy dream one need only tap the surface of the rock and water will flow forth as it did at the behest of Moses. Some persons in the New York State legislature and out of it are now dangling before the voters large promises that all financial problems can be solved by the simple expedient of having the government go into the bookmaking business. It is quite true that a number of states in this country have legalized pari-mutuel betting, and it does yield revenue. Moreover, it is an easy tax to collect. But I think it may be well for the voters of New York to think a long time before they decide to follow the pattern of Florida, Rhode Island, and Maryland.

It is safe to say that the amount of money which will be raised is likely to prove disappointing. Some of the advocates of this system are giving out estimates that as much as twenty million dollars might be taken in by the state of New York as its share of the gambling profits. There is nothing in the experience of other states to indicate that any such sum is possible.

One of the favorite arguments to support the rosy dream is the fact that "little Rhode Island" takes in something more than a million in the course of the season. But while Rhode Island may be little, the Narragansett track happens to be one of the largest in the country, and its patronage is drawn from very thickly settled neighborhoods which lie all about.

Florida perhaps is the most successful practitioner in the matter of cutting in on the betting melon. But Florida is fortunate in being able to collect its racing tax very largely from non-residents. The city of Miami is a playground and a lure for play boys. Although I have my serious side, I hope, Miami gets me at least once a season, and without regret I pay my share of the state's burdens. Undoubtedly there are school buildings in Florida which have been shingled by my efforts to pick a hundred-to-one shot. And if my luck continues to go its usual way when I am on vacation, I have no doubt that I will eventually build a hospital for ailing crackers.

All this is fair enough, and as long as newspaper columnists and contributors to *The Nation* are grossly overpaid there is no great harm in having them put something back into the kitty. But if I lived right across the road from a mutuel track throughout the year, I am afraid that the association might be punishing. I have no moral scruples against gambling, and if I had they would be futile, because the instinct is deep-rooted in most people. As in the case of liquor there is probably logic in saying that it is better for the government to regulate those things which it cannot prohibit. But in regulating gambling a state should try to temper the wind to the shorn lamb and channel the breeze in the direction of the woolly one.

Mutuel betting moves precisely in the opposite direction. It goes after the sucker money. If it were true that the state of New York could raise twenty million dollars in revenue as its share of race-track profits, it would be a grievous thing. That would mean that a vast number of people in the community had bankrupted themselves because the state had made wagering so easy. Let it be remembered that revenue through mutuel machines will come almost entirely out of the pockets of people in the lower brackets. While it may be true that horse racing is the sport of kings, the two-dollar ticket is the plaything for the most part of those who can ill afford the price.

In Rhode Island the mutuel system puts a very heavy burden on mill workers and all low-salaried employees. This is the testimony of shopkeepers, savings banks, and all institutions which have contact with the small earners in the community. Let it be noted that mutuel betting discourages the wagering of large plungers. Since the odds paid upon each horse depend upon the proportionate amount bet upon each entry, it is mathematically true that the gambler who steps out heavily is actually betting against himself and reducing the prize which he will get if his horse happens to win.

As a matter of fact, the money wagered at the track probably represents only a small fraction of the total amount which is bet. A vast industry of illegal betting through hand books and over the telephone has grown up. There is no feasible way of taxing this vast flow. And it will be increased rather than diminished if New York establishes mutuel betting. I think the sensible way would be to legalize bookmaking and then charge a thumping big fee for a license to operate. This could not possibly bring in the vast but shadowy sums suggested by the proponents of mutuel betting. If a hundred bookmakers each paid a license fee of ten thousand dollars, let us say, that would only yield a million. The mutuel system might yield approximately three times as much. But I think the state would pay a heavy price for its extra two million dollars in terms of relief and other measures to aid the indigent.

There ought to be a high admission price to race tracks. Under the mutuel system the owners of a track can afford to let people in for almost nothing since once they get them inside the gambling fever will seize them. I'm not at all sure that it might not even be good commercial business to pay patrons five cents a head to come in and learn the ropes of losing money. Gambling cannot be legislated out of existence, but I am very much against the government of New York State standing at the gate and shilling for customers.

HEYWOOD BROUN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

OUR ACTORS AND THE CRITICS

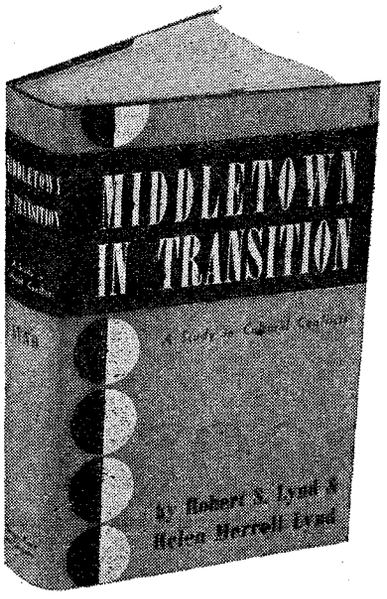
BY MARY McCARTHY

ANY normally stage-struck American citizen is vicariously familiar with the actor's habit of sitting up for his notices after an opening night. In movies, plays, and smooth-paper magazine romances the actor—or more often the actress—is customarily rewarded for his vigil by notices which make it clear to him that he has become overnight the toast of Broadway. Fortunately for the drama of such moments, realism does not too much obtrude itself, and the exact content of the reviews is left to the imagination of the audience. It *is* true that actors, because of an unwarranted but hardy perennial optimism, do sit up for their notices. First comes Bide Dudley on the radio, then the *Times* appears, then the *News* and the *Mirror,* and, at last, by five o'clock, the whole sheaf of morning papers. But the reading of these reviews, laudatory and damning alike, can be guaranteed to turn any theatrical revel into a wake. The actors have waited up to learn (a) whether their play will be a financial success, and (b) what exact effects their performances created. The critics can usually supply the answer to (a), but so, within a week, can the man in the box office. It is (b) that the actors most desperately need, (b) that the mandatory "You were wonderful, darling," of backstage etiquette forbids their getting from their fellow-players, (b) that they most urgently ask of the critics. In reply they are told that So-and-So "gave a forthright characterization," that such-and-such a character was "well sketched" or "serviceably played," that this one acted "with conviction" and that one "pleasantly" or "with spirit and charm," that these were "of considerable assistance" and those were "believable," that the star was "affecting" or "deft" or "heart-warming" and was "ably assisted" by his supporting cast.

For years these marrowless bones of criticism have daily been tossed to the theatrical profession by the reviewers who serve it. It is not surprising therefore that the more spirited actors are positively malevolent toward the dramatic critics, while even the kindliest players can only regard them with sad tolerance. Most actors, for example, will tell you that a stage hand or a ticket scalper is a better critic of acting than a reviewer, and they will maintain, in spite of some evidence to the contrary, that it is impossible for a player doing a large role to get a bad notice. One of New York's most talented producers will insist that the dramatic critics are incapable of distinguishing manuscript from acting, let alone acting from direction, and that "the sum total of their knowledge and equipment is so small as to be a phenomenon of nature." The one accusation that professional theater people will refrain from hurling at the drama reviewer is that of venality; it is generally assumed that he is honest.

The truth is, nevertheless, that dramatic criticism in America is at least purblind to acting. That this should be so is not really surprising when one considers the history and character of the theater in America. For some years, and up to very recently, there was very little interest in acting in America. While the French, Italian, and Russian publics have been responsive to acting, and the English public to the personalities of actors, the American public has been interested primarily in manuscript, and to a lesser extent in personalities. The American critic has been conditioned by the American theater to focus his eyes on the play and to ignore the performance. The theater, however, has very recently undergone a transformation. Two important things have happened to it. In the first place, the movies have drained the theater of the actors whose stock in trade is the exploitation of personality; much more successfully than the theater ever could, the movies are catering to an enormous audience which will pay for the pleasure of "getting to know" a celebrity. To the theater are left the actors who are devoid of personality and the actors who feel that the exploitation of it is scarcely a desirable life work. Both of these types of players must work at the job of acting, at the job of projecting a conception of a role—the first because they have nothing else to offer an audience, the second because they find the work interesting. In the second place, a new generation of actors has lately arisen the oldest member of which is now probably thirty-five, a generation which throughout its adolescence worshiped Shaw and O'Neill and O'Casey, which reverenced the Provincetown and the New Playwrights' Theater, which was attracted to the theater not for its conventional glamor but for the high seriousness of the ideas and ideals which some of its playwrights were expressing. Members of this generation brought with them cultural backgrounds immensely superior to anything the American theater had ever known, and they brought also a determination to take acting seriously, to learn its science, and to interpret life and plays through its medium. These two forces, the movies acting as a drain, and the colleges and little theaters as a feeder, combined to alter profoundly the theater's own view of itself and its function. The transformation is not yet complete, but it is in process, and its practical effects are already noticeable. The standard of acting is rising. Acting is not, by any means, uniformly good, but it is consistently more interesting, because more thoughtful and ambitious, than it has ever been in America before.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A great book, a great study; careful, fair, charged with the long view. . . . I unhesitatingly acclaim the new Middletown as better than the first; more exciting, acute, and profound."

—STUART CHASE, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

MIDDLETOWN, that highly original inquiry into American life, is joined by a book even more valuable, one which shows what great changes have come to this typical American city and its people during the ten chaotic years of boom and depression. "A document of even greater importance than its predecessor—a magnificent piece of work."

—R. L. Duffus, N. Y. Times

by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd

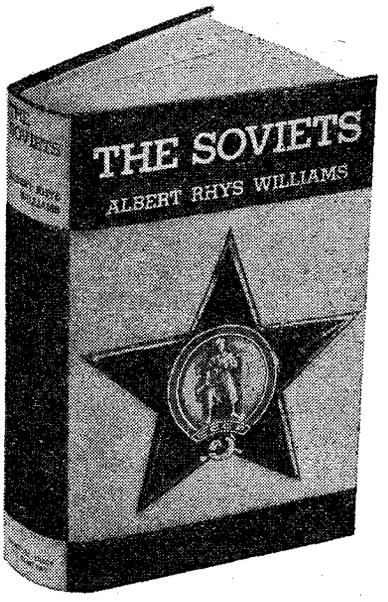
MIDDLETOWN in TRANSITION

2nd large printing. 622 pages, $5.00

A big book of FACTS *about the Soviet Union*

After ten years Albert Rhys Williams has completed a book which amasses all the facts (including the most recent data) about the Soviet way of life; which sets them down with concise, fascinating brevity; which covers every aspect of the Soviet Union; which succeeds in giving an entirely comprehensive picture of the U.S.S.R. John Strachey says: "It will be absolutely indispensable to everyone who is interested in the Soviet Union. There is a richness, a feel of first-hand contact with the material which makes every page delightful reading."

Just out. 554 pages, $3.00



Albert Rhys Williams' THE SOVIETS

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The theater has changed, but the critics have remained the same. To persons in and around the theater it has for some time been apparent that critical opinions of acting were grotesquely out of step with professional opinions; but the critics seem unaware of this. If, for instance, you will ask actors to name the two worst performances of this year, the chances are that they will mention Lionel Hogarth's Duke of York in "King Richard II," which is played in the manner of Chic Sale, and Malcolm Keen's Claudius in the Gielgud "Hamlet," which was played in the manner of Laurel of Laurel and Hardy. If you will then examine the reviews you will find that Mr. Keen's acting was harshly treated only by Richard Watts ("supremely negative") and John Anderson ("pedestrian"), while *Variety's* critic sat on the fence ("a mite too stuffy, but . . ."), and Brooks Atkinson ("physically and mentally alive"), Arthur Pollock ("a good live king"), Burns Mantle, John Mason Brown, and Richard Lockridge of the *Mirror* applauded it, the rest remaining silent. As to Mr. Hogarth's work, Mr. Atkinson ("shrewd and knowing performance"), Mr. Mantle ("amusing"), Miss Waldorf of the *Post* ("had his moments"), Mr. Coleman, Mr. Pollock, and *Variety's* critic spoke well of it; Mr. Anderson ("Lionel Hogarth, after a somewhat jittery beginning, quieted down toward the end") was noncommittal; and Mr. Lockridge took a lonely and not very defiant stand ("Mr. Hogarth seemed to me to make York too much of the fussy comic, but probably that's all right . . .").

In the same way, the two actresses who are perhaps closest to the hearts of the dramatic critics are rated as negligible by the majority of their fellow-players. Katharine Cornell, whom Mr. Atkinson calls "our queen of tragedy," is considered by a great number of professionals no actress at all, but an ambitious, unimaginative, mediocre young woman whose fortune it is to own a face that is an exotic mask in which the playgoer can read what he wishes to find. Again, Lynn Fontanne's talents are completely worn out (and this is no secret in the theater), yet no critic has noticed it. On the other hand, Ruth Gordon's abilities were, up to this year's production of "The Country Wife," seriously underrated by the critics, while in the theatrical offices she has for years been held to be one of our most expert actresses.

Now, of course, it is conceivable that the actors are wrong about acting and the critics right. Such a view, however, would only be tenable if the critics had shown themselves capable of precise definition of the qualities which seem to them good in the actors they praise, if they had been able to state where and in what manner a performance achieved its effects. As a matter of fact, only Stark Young has made any serious attempts at this kind of exactitude; the rest of the critics have habitually contented themselves with their frayed strings of vague but approbatory adjectives—"brilliant," "sincere," "moving," and the like. That these adjectives are not always adequate a few of the critics have lately shown an uneasy awareness. When Robert Benchley, for instance, writes of Miss Cornell in "The Wingless Victory," it is in the confessional spirit:

> It may sound silly to say, but Miss Cornell has improved in her acting. I can't go into it any further than that and I don't want you to ask me what I mean, but she has definitely done something to her voice to give it authority. Not that it didn't have authority before but it has more now.

On Maurice Evans's Richard II, Richard Watts takes a more defiant but basically quite as nervous a stand. "If he isn't the finest actor to be found on the English-speaking stage," he ventures, "then he will have to do until one comes along."

[*This is the first of two articles by Miss McCarthy on actors and critics. The second will appear next week.*]

BOOKS

The Steel Industry

THE ECONOMICS OF THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY. By Carroll R. Daugherty, Melvin G. de Chazeau, and Samuel S. Stratton. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Two Volumes. $12.

THESE volumes present the result of a two-year fact-finding expedition into some difficult economic terrain: the price and labor policies of the steel industry. Considering the paucity of available data and the determination of the industry that significant data shall remain scarce, the expedition was remarkably successful. And considering that the study was financed chiefly by the Falk Foundation, whose vice-president is E. T. Weir of The National Steel Corporation, and by the Mellon-dominated University of Pittsburgh, the authors' analysis is extraordinarily realistic and objective. The book is nearly 1,200 pages long and contains 333 tables and charts. Never before has the steel industry—or perhaps any other American industry—been treated in such rich detail. Unfortunately, the scope is limited. The original conception was a study of the iron and steel industry under the NRA. When the Supreme Court made away with the NRA, the scope of the study was somewhat broadened. One regrets that the broadening was not greater. The book is almost entirely restricted to the period since 1929. One would exchange most of the interminably minute analysis of the steel code—now of largely academic interest—for a longer perspective in time. There is too much heaping up of facts and too little social and historical interpretation of them.

Almost half the book is occupied by Dr. Daugherty's intelligent and sympathetic treatment of labor—wages, hours, working conditions, collective bargaining. Most of the remainder is devoted to Dr. de Chazeau's exhaustive analysis of the industry's complex basing-point price system.

From the social point of view the most important factual material is presented by Dr. Daugherty. Some of his major findings may be briefly indicated. (1) In 1929 the steel industry paid lower hourly wages than other comparable industries. (Weekly earnings, because of longer hours and high rates of operation, were slightly higher.) (2) Contrary to popular impression, the twelve-hour day was not abolished in 1924. Between 1922 and 1929 the percentage of men working seven days a week actually increased. In 1933, before

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the NRA came to the rescue, almost one-fourth of the steel workers worked seven days every week (or every two or three weeks), and 5 per cent worked twelve hours a day. (3) In 1929 the average steel worker earned $1,620. For that year a "minimum health-and-decency budget" for a family of four was $1,720, a "comfort budget" was $2,580. In the year immediately preceding the NRA average earnings fell to $560—as against a minimum budget of $1,200. (4) The steel worker lives in the shadow of an appalling insecurity. In 1929 only four out of eleven comparable industries showed greater fluctuations in monthly production than steel. None showed so drastic a decline during the depression. Unemployment among iron and steel workers rose from 8 per cent in 1929 to 48 per cent before the NRA.

The industry, then, is exploiting its workers in order to pile up huge profits for its stockholders? Not at all. Dr. Stratton shows that even in the 1924-29 boom period, the steel industry earned only 6.37 per cent on its capitalization, which is well below the average for other industries. Thus the steel industry, as presented in these volumes, is a depressing spectacle from almost any point of view. Its workers are ill paid and tyrannically treated, its consumers suffer from a non-competitive pricing system, its stockholders get a poor return on their money. About the only people who benefit from its workings are the high-priced executives who are largely responsible for the whole mess. What solutions have the authors to offer? Their recommendations are drastic. Dr. Daugherty finds the industry's labor policies "autocratic . . . paternalistic . . . frequently harsh and repressive"; he finds that the company unions introduced during NRA were merely a device to forestall unionization; and he therefore recommends: "First, steel workers should be organized. . . . Second, the logic of the industry's operations is such that vertical rather than craft organization is called for. . . . Third, collective bargaining should be on a national basis and not on a plant basis. . . ." The C. I. O. is not mentioned, but it and it alone fits these specifications.

Dr. de Chazeau reaches the conclusion that because of the high and inflexible overhead costs which characterize the steel industry, any move toward "free competition" would speedily precipitate cutthroat competition. Therefore some form of artificial price system which makes for stability and discourages price cutting is necessary. So far the steelmasters agree as ardently as the Federal Trade Commission disagrees. But Dr. de Chazeau is rash enough to press on to the logical end of his reasoning and to suggest that, free competition being out of the question, "a fair price for steel and the elimination of preventable social waste can be assured under private ownership only if some form of social control can be made effective." This control, he specifies, can take the form of governmental regulation, government competition, or outright socialization. Until more data is available, it is not possible to say which of these alternatives would be best. The most persistent note sounded all through these 1,200 pages, by the way, is the complaint of insufficient data. Up to now the steelmasters have successfully concealed even the most elementary facts bearing on their industry. The authors of this book, therefore, recommend that "a federal impartial and non-political fact-finding commission be established" to gather data on the basis of which it can recommend to Congress "effective public policy" for dealing with the steel industry. Perhaps the most valuable point about this book is that it indicates in detail just what information must still be pried loose from the industry to make up the blueprints for social control.

The one thing the authors are sure *won't* work is "industrial self-government" as practiced under the NRA, whereby the administration of the steel code was handed over to the American Iron and Steel Institute. Throughout the entire life of the NRA the institute was concerned only with maintaining prices. It showed not the slightest sensitivity to the economic "rights" of labor and the consumer. Nor did it use its vast powers to attempt a solution of any of the fearful problems that overhang the industry. "Of broad social and economic considerations in the action of the Code Authority, no evidence is discernible." The industry muffed its chance to set its own house in order. In fact, it scarcely kept up with the dusting.

Something must be said about the needlessly heavy prose style in this book. As a technique for imparting information, it seems to me highly inefficient. It is long-winded, difficult to follow, and damnably dull. One finds one's self reading over and over the same sentence, lulled by its all-too-familiar cadences. The meaning is smothered in endless qualifications and petty distinctions, which often seem to be inserted by a sort of automatic mental reflex. The inhabitants of the academic world have for too long used a patois readily intelligible only to one another. With some effort the lay reader whose ear is habituated to this barbarous dialect can penetrate its woolly vagueness to the kernel of meaning. But why should not scholars, whose medium is, after all, the written word, be required to achieve a reasonable competence in the use of words? This is not to urge "popularization" in the sense of a chatty, oversimplified style. But surely there is no inherent conflict between sound scholarship and decent prose.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

America the Beautiful—for Fiction

THE LAURELS ARE CUT DOWN. By Archie Binns. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

BUCKSKIN BREECHES. By Phil Stong. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THE THREE-HEADED ANGEL. By Roark Bradford. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

PEOPLE ON THE EARTH. By Edwin Corle. Random House. $2.

SINCE Americans have always taken so much for granted it is hardly likely that many American novelists sit down and count their blessings before beginning an American novel. Yet consider their opportunities. In the space of a hundred years a continent has been opened up to them. A thousand miles of prairie, on which the flowery grass had been waving for centuries, has been broken to the plow; the primeval forests have fallen, not only to the ax but to the swifter fire; the aboriginal people have been herded into out-of-the-way corners; and the machine age, the power and speed of industrialism, the complexity of steel and rubber and oil and coal, which had half-heartedly been hugging the Atlantic seaboard, have spread to the opposite ocean in a sweep of change unparalleled in the history of the world. The comparable beginnings of Europe are lost in time. The development of America lies just beyond the recollections of men and women alive today.

Each in his own way, the novelists whose books are cited above must have acknowledged something of this. Mr. Binns takes Puget Sound and the clearing of the Northwest; Mr. Stong's prairie schooner goes to Iowa; Mr. Bradford peoples

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BREAD AND WINE
By Ignazio Silone

"Loving knowledge of the Italian people and a passionate love of freedom are here most happily blended."—*Thomas Mann.* "Magnificent. Its publication marks a red-letter day in the year's literary story."—*Herschel Brickell.* "Powerful artistry, warmth of feeling, humor and honesty."—*New Republic.* A Story Press Book. $2.50

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND
By André Maurois

The pageant of England's history from the earliest time "is surveyed and illuminated."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* "With delightful felicity he tells the miraculous story of England's rise to power."—*N. Y. Sun.* Illustrated. $3.75

THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS
By William Maxwell

Christopher Morley, Book-of-the-Month Club News says: "With subtle power Mr. Maxwell has made his family group so actual that they do not cease at the end of the book. The story is told with such acute and winning freshness that one will scarcely realize until afterward how sure is the writer's touch." *Dual Book-of-the-Month for May.* $2.00

MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT
By J. B. Priestley

"Priestley's new book should win him many new readers and friends. It is one of the most engaging, most companionable books of the current season. It is suggestively thoughtful about many things worth thinking about."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.00

TRUMPET OF JUBILEE
By Ludwig Lewisohn

"A bigger, more ambitious, more exciting novel than 'The Island Within'."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* "Some of the finest prose Mr. Lewisohn has ever written."—*N. Y. World Telegram.* $2.50

PIPE ALL HANDS
By H. M. Tomlinson

Frank Swinnerton says: "This novel will take its place immediately among classic tales of adventure at sea. It is an extraordinarily fine, plain, simple narrative which rises in moments of crisis to grandeur." $2.50

Best Sellers

INSIDE EUROPE By John Gunther • $3.50
MAN, THE UNKNOWN By Alexis Carrel • $3.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

the Mississippi on the Kentucky side; and Mr. Corle's Navajo Indians are obliged to reckon with the white man's civilization on the mesas of Arizona and in the raw cities of New Mexico. Because the theme of pioneering is inevitably romantic, colorful, and filled with drama, all these books are interesting. And their authors, being above the average level of American novelists, are able to manipulate their various backgrounds in a significant manner. Mr. Bradford and Mr. Stong have perhaps done the least with their material. They have shown the lusty frontier civilization with humor and freshness; their people are alive if sometimes not entirely thought through; it should not be a disparagement to say that both books ought to make fine motion pictures.

Mr. Corle has done something more. His Navajo boy who is faced with the problem of living in another civilization than the one that is traditional to him exemplifies in his own person not only the question of white man versus red, or more largely of conqueror versus conquered, but the problem of America itself. This is the Stone Age meeting the Age of Steel; the Stone Age must disappear, but how? Mr. Corle has clothed this situation with credible flesh and blood. Moreover, he has made the ancient Indian civilization, so dirty and unhygienic and uninstructed, so at the mercy of terrifying superstition, seem very soft and lovely. Perhaps the white man lost something, too, when stone was abandoned for steel.

Of the four books Mr. Binns's is easily the most important. Not only does he write lovingly of the Northwestern forests and of the staunch first settlers there, but he includes a portion of the World War in his book which is new to war fiction. Since the two brothers who are his main characters came from the Pacific coast, they went not to France when they enlisted, but to Japan and Siberia. Mr. Binns tells the story of the bloody and mindless Allied intervention in Russia, the long months spent guarding ammunition trains, the rifles that went through to Kolchak, who was more Czarist than the Czar, the peasants butchered by Cossacks, the devious Japanese, the British and Czechs pledged to neutrality like the Americans and, unlike the Americans, not observing their pledge. And when the American soldiers at long last came home, all they got for their pains was to be investigated by the Department of Justice. It was thought they must be Bolsheviks.

Perhaps Mr. Binns is not writing fiction at all. There is a good deal of uncomfortable truth in his book. But through it all he maintains an ideal of America that is extremely moving. And this is fiction in the best sense: a manipulation of men and events to make a pattern, to create a world—in this case the raw, new, bewildered, short-sighted, brave world we call the United States.

CAROLINE SMITH

The Sunpapers

THE SUNPAPERS OF BALTIMORE, 1837-1937. By Gerald W. Johnson, Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

THIS volume properly celebrates the one-hundredth anniversary of the Baltimore *Sun*—not of the *Evening Sun,* which is only twenty-seven years old, whose history is none the less included, since it is the lively and worthy offspring of the original "Sunpaper." Whatever their limitations—and these are very few—they are today in the front rank of American journalism, surpassed by none in the intelligence of their editing, their political courage and inde-

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

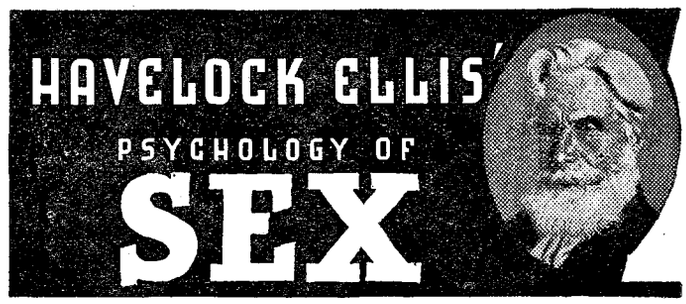
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pendence, their interest in European affairs, their clean and decent presentation of the news, and the literary quality of their editorial pages. Like the New York *Times,* they prove that honest and responsible dailies can be made to pay. Indeed, the Baltimore *Suns* have served their city and state so long and well that they are as much an institution as the Baltimore Washington Monument, or Fort McHenry, or the City Hall.

The volume itself has been prepared with excellent taste and due modesty and so is worthy of the staff, which constitutes a journalistic group unsurpassed in ability and knowledge. Naturally it is largely a survey of the history of Baltimore and Maryland. The weaknesses of the *Sun* during its earlier years are as clearly set forth as its extraordinary achievements in reporting the Mexican War—often it beat the United States government in getting news from the front—and its sad predicament in the Civil War. Baltimore was then truly a No Man's Land. Its sons were in both armies. It was garrisoned by federal troops and regarded with great suspicion by the Washington government. Its trade with the South, upon which its wealth and prosperity were founded, was destroyed overnight. Its officials and its journalists were frequently jailed. It was generally anathema in the North, and for its sins had for a short time Major General Benjamin F. Butler as its dictator—a cruel and unusual punishment indeed. Under the circumstances there was nothing for the *Sun,* with its Southern sympathies, to do but to "shut up" and voluntarily yield its editorial freedom. It was then still under the leadership of its founder, Arunah S. Abell, a remarkable man, also one of the founders of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* who was able to keep the *Sun* appearing without interruption in the face of daily military or governmental scrutiny or censorship. Mr. Abell is correctly described in this book as "a man of few illusions and fewer prejudices, he is no leader of forlorn hopes, no snatcher of victory from the jaws of defeat, but a prudent, eminently reasonable individual, completely unspectacular."

The other outstanding figures in the history of the "Sunpapers" are treated with similar discrimination. The spectacular rise and fall of Charles H. Grasty is recounted, and the great services rendered by the Black family are set forth. Since the Abell family passed out of the picture as the dominating force, the owners have been wise enough to give complete freedom of utterance to the editors, who have nobly upheld the liberal tradition in America, often whimsically, humorously, or sarcastically, but always effectively. Not the least of their services has been their giving a free forum to such men as Henry L. Mencken and Frank R. Kent. The "Sunpapers" had the courage in the last Presidential campaign to refuse to choose either of the two evils which, they felt, were confronting the Republic. Even when it was supporting Mr. Roosevelt, the morning *Sun* allowed Mr. Kent complete latitude in attacking daily the head of the New Deal and his policies.

It was, of course, impossible to set forth in this volume all the great services these papers have rendered to their community, their state, and their country. How they repeatedly cleaned up political gangs and smashed political machines in Maryland is recorded, but there should have been a greater tribute than appears to the magnificent stand taken by the *Sun* against lynching, even to the extent of severely attacking Governor Albert C. Ritchie, whom it otherwise upheld and greatly admired. I think that a statement about the present ownership of the two papers would also have been extremely useful just now. One misses, too, a survey of the *Sun's* attitude toward the World War. The fine exposé by Frank



His LATEST Book on the Sexual Life

Crystallizes the Findings of a Lifetime

A Manual for Students and for the General Reader

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME—389 PAGES

PARTIAL CONTENTS

The Nature of the Sexual Impulse; Physical Factors; Mental Factors
The Sexual Zones
The Sexual Impulse In Youth
Masturbation
Frigidity: Frequency of; Nature of; Factors in; Treatment of
Impotence; Frequency of; Nature of; Temporary; Psychic; Neurasthenic; Treatment of
First Intercourse
Secondary Sexual Characters
The "Under-sexed"; the "Over-sexed"
Sexual Abnormalities
Sexual Irregularities
Exhibitionism
The Sexual Criminal
Analysis of Courtship
Woman's Change of Life: Adjustments; Advantages; Effect on Sexual Desire
The Dangerous Age in Men: Symptoms; Physical and Psychic Aspects

Carl Van Doren says: "The best one-volume treatment of sex in the English language."

Sadism and Masochism
Cruelty and Pain in Relation to Sex
Homosexuality: Background and Prevalence; Types and States
Homosexuality: Temporary; Pseudo-; in Youth; In Later Life; in Normal Persons
Hermaphroditism
Sexual Abstinence
Sex Intercourse and Health
Divorce
Monogamy; Polygamy
The Nature of Birth Control
The Question of Abortion
Frequency of Coitus

The Nation says: "There is probably no better introduction to contemporary knowledge and contemporary theories about the physiology, psychology and hygiene of sex."

The Sexual Athlete: Satyriasis: Nymphomania
Jealousy
Married Love
Psychoanalytic Concepts of Sex
Pre-marital Knowledge and Experience
Modesty: Nudism
Childbirth: Sex Life during Pregnancy; Immediately after
Sexual Feeling in Women
Sex Practice in Marriage
Methods and Technique of Coitus
Sexual Pleasure and Conception
Positions in Coitus
Sex Life and Nervous-Disorders
Sexual Difficulties
Freud's "Unconscious"; "Libido"
Dreams; Their Significance
Sex Life of Unmarried Adults
Sexual Fetishes and Symbols
The Art of Love
Sexual Adjustments
Sex Happiness
Age and the Sexual Impulse
The Sexual Impulse and Love
Love Rights of Women; of Men
The Choice of a Mate
Esthetics of Coitus
Expression and Repression
Substitutes for Sex
Treatment of Sexual Complaints
Medical and Legal Treatment of Abnormal Gratification
Nature and Habits of the Invert: Medical and Legal Treatment of
Bisexual Attraction: Intersexuality
Eonism (identification with opposite sex)
The Marriage Relationship
The Power of the Sexual Urge
Sexual Maladjustments in Marriage
Wide Range of the Sexual Impulse
Relationship of Sex to Happiness in Marriage
Chastity: the Primitive Attitude; the Attitude Today
The Treatment of Sexual Anesthesia in Women

Bertrand Russell says: "Few books on sex can be so confidently recommended as this truly admirable volume."

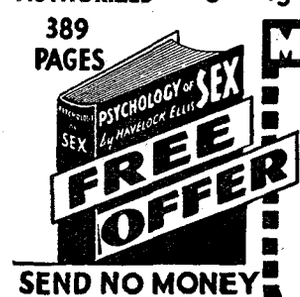
Restriction of Sex Activity
How the Physician May Help
Main Channels of Sex Procedure
Factors in Erotic Personality
Sex as an Instinct versus Sex as an Appetite
Preparation for Marriage
Fertility and Sterility
Glossary of Sexual Terms
Index

Science News Letter says: "Not alone the psychological, but also the biological and medical aspects of marriage, love, and the sexual impulse are discussed, and new light is given on more or less universal problems."

Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases says: "Some of the finest and, in many respects, the most advanced findings in this field."

Birth Control Review says: "Sums up the phenomena of sex psychology in their normal relation to life, so that the average person may get sufficient information to serve both in life and in conversation."

AUTHORIZED • $3.00 POSTPAID • 6TH PRINTING



SEND NO MONEY

MAIL THIS COUPON

Mail this coupon to your bookseller or to
Emerson Books, Inc., Dept. 980-N
251 West 19th St., New York City
Send me a copy of Havelock Ellis' Psychology of Sex for free examination. I will deposit $3.00 and a few cents delivery charge when the book arrives. Full purchase price to be refunded if returned within 5 days I am over 21 years old.
Name.....
Address.....
☐ CHECK HERE if you wish to enclose only $3 thus saving delivery charge. (Same money-back guarantee, of course.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE *Nation*
ANNOUNCES FOR EARLY PUBLICATION . . .

Two Articles on Spain

Soon after the first shot was fired in the civil war, Edward Hunter went to Spain for Hearst's International News Service. In his article Covering Spain for Hearst, he reveals the manner in which dispatches were distorted between the time they were wired and the time they appeared in American newspapers using the International News Service.

According to his own statement, General Franco is prepared to execute two million Spaniards to establish his rule. George Seldes has tapped Spanish government sources and journalists returned from rebel territory to show in an article to appear soon under the title Franco's Death List that Franco's threat is being carried out in systematic massacres of labor-union members and sympathizers in every town the rebels capture.

Harvard Passes the Ball

At Harvard the ball has been passed from Economics Department to dean to president and back again in an effort to minimize the potential value to the university of its two most popular economics teachers, Dr. J. Raymond Walsh and Dr. Alan R. Sweezy. R. K. Lamb analyzes the situation for *Nation* readers and shows why the dismissal of two liberal instructors is no mere tempest in a teacup but actually illuminates the dilemma of most American universities.

ORDER FORM

THE NATION, 20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Enter my subscription for ☐ one year for $5. ☐ two years for $8. ☐ three years for $11. ☐ I enclose my check OR ☐ I will pay in 30 days.

Name_____

Address_____

Extra Postage per year; Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50c

5-8-37

Kent of what was really happening in Paris when the alleged peace was being made is set forth in detail, for it was a splendid journalistic achievement. So was the magnificent reporting of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments, to which the *Sun* invited journalists and experts from England, France, and Japan; this proceeding marked its latter-day rebirth.

One piece of genuine unfairness and misrepresentation of history appears in the account of the famous attack upon the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia on April 19, 1861, on its transit through Baltimore. The volunteers are described as a regiment of 1,700 regulars who ran away disgracefully from the mob and were rescued by Mayor Brown armed with an umbrella. The truth is that a small battalion of the Sixth, comprising only 220 men, raw and untrained militia, some of whom had only been in uniform for three days, was attacked by a mob of thousands of men and women and fought its way across the city, at times at the double-quick. The rest of the 700 Massachusetts men got through unscathed. The mob inflicted a loss upon the battalion of nearly one-fifth of their number, four dead and thirty-six wounded. That they held together under such circumstances and, in accordance with their colonel's orders, did not fire volleys indiscriminately, is a tribute to their courage and steadfastness, for the situation would have tried the best-disciplined regulars in the world. Mr. Johnson, the author of this part of the narrative, thinks not only that they were ridiculous—"comic"—but that they should have killed many more Baltimoreans!

But all in all here is a narrative of which journalists may well be proud—one that should be carefully preserved for future generations if only as an offset to the yellow journalism of today and its limitless sins.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Step by Step

THE OUTWARD ROOM. By Millen Brand. Simon and Schuster. $1.25.

THIS novel probably has merit as a study of insanity and its cure. The heroine is first seen in an asylum; she escapes from the asylum and finds her way to New York; in New York she becomes well through living with a man who at the end must have her sympathy in a loss—the death of a brother—like that one which had unhinged her own mind seven years before. For all I know, Mr. Brand has prepared his "case" carefully and has gone wrong at few if any points. But it does not matter, since for his purposes he has done something of greater importance. He has written a good novel; so good a novel, indeed, that I can suspect it as a case history. Case histories are never interesting in exactly this way—never as close to the imagination, and never as moving. Their particular fascination comes from the fact that they do not touch us personally, just as their claim on our attention depends on our belief that they are true reports of people we do not know. If we knew the people we should not be as cool as we are, or—sometimes—amused. The irrelevances acted or spoken would shock us as we watched and heard. In fiction there can perhaps be no such thing as insanity, for it would be unendurable. There can be something that looks like it, as there is in "King Lear"; but there must be no absolute irrelevances. And so there are none in Mr. Brand's novel, from whose heroine we are never divided by that moat of unintelligibility which makes case histories at once so dry and so terrible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Outward Room" is a distinguished love story whose heroine could be lonely, misunderstood, or anonymous rather than insane. What matters is that she begins to live with the workingman named John, and that everything which happens between them is of the deepest and clearest interest. Mr. Brand has told his story in the simplest way. Harriet is never out of our sight from the first page to the last, nor is there any staggering of time; a single year of Harriet's life is chronicled step by step; one thing comes after another, and is adequately attended to before the next thing follows. There are, of course, other ways to succeed with a story, and perhaps the major sort of success calls for more people, more scenes, and more cross-purposes. In the linear way he has chosen, however, Mr. Brand has succeeded; the sign being that again and again some apparently unimportant detail assumes without warning enough importance to overwhelm a reader who until then had known merely that he wished to watch everything as it happened from the safe distance of his chair.

The first of these moments arrived for me on page 138, when Harriet and John had finished their first supper in John's room and a paragraph began: "They ate and afterwards she washed the dishes; it was the first work she had done since she left the hospital." Now that is a matter-of-fact sentence; but in the life of a fugitive woman who has been starving both for food and for human company, and whose life, whether we knew it or not, we have been sharing for 137 pages, it announces an epoch. So with Harriet's resolution the next morning to scrub the apartment; so with her disclosure to John that she is insane; so with the time they stand together on the street and listen to a Hungarian love song; so with the evening when she hands him her first pay envelope; and so—never indeed more so—when in the store he asks her what she wants in addition to a dress and she says a pocket-book. There is nothing in these situations except what Mr. Brand has put there previously. But he has put a great deal there without ever having called our attention to what he was doing as he walked so sympathetically and intelligently in step with his heroine. Of such is the kingdom of story-telling. MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

The Taming of a Shrew

THE story of Tobias and his angel and his dog was never a part of the Hebrew canon. It was—my learning comes straight out of the encyclopedia—taken in by the Catholic church only to be chucked out again by the Protestants, and I presume that it made theologians uncomfortable for the same reason that it has always appealed to artists: for the reason, that is to say, that it suggests the "Arabian Nights" almost as much as it suggests the temper of the prophets. Ewald, Westcott, and Kohut—if you want to know who they are please use your own encyclopedia—agree that it was composed during the Persian period, and it contains the only complimentary, or at least the only uninsulting, reference to a dog in the entire Bible. Nor is all this as irrelevant as it may at first sight seem to the fact that James Bridie—the Scotch physician who wrote "A Sleeping Clergyman" and

YALE

Just Published

The DREYFUS CASE

By the Man,
ALFRED DREYFUS
and His Son,
PIERRE DREYFUS

Translated and Edited by Donald C. McKay

Few people know the incredible story of the Dreyfus Affair. When Alfred Dreyfus died just two years ago he left a manuscript in which he describes in detail the dramatic developments of the case that centered around him. His son has added to the story and has included much valuable material and many letters of the family and from prominent figures of the time. A most significant book. Illustrated. $3.75

At all bookstores

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Conn.

THEY SAY*

"There is no more Child Labor!"—BUT

CHILD WORKERS IN AMERICA

by Katharine D. Lumpkin
Director of Research, Industrial Studies, Smith College
and Dorothy W. Douglas
Assistant Professor of Economics and Sociology, Smith College

blasts this canard into limbo with irrefutable facts gathered during twelve years of intensive research. What Katherine Mayo did for Mother India, Lumpkin and Douglas have done for the "forgotten children" of our industrial and agricultural slums. For instance:

No less than half a million children under fifteen work for wages as low as 3 to 5 cents an hour for from 10 to 14 hours a day! No less than a million children under fifteen slave on farms for no wages at all—except the pitiful stipend their parents receive for *family* labor! These inhuman practices not only irreparably damage them for productive labor when they reach stunted maturity, but are the basis of many of our industrial and agricultural difficulties. *Illustrated $3.50*

* And senators, businessmen, educators, churchmen say "there is no more child labor!" Let them read the actual case histories which this book presents and spread the information. Once it is aroused, a great democracy like ours will no longer tolerate the barbarous practices these authors expose.

At all booksellers

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., 116 E. 16th St., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATION TOURS TO EUROPE and Soviet RUSSIA
Conducted or Independent
Including COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, HELSINGFORS or PALESTINE, EGPYT and on return trip visit WARSAW, VIENNA (Salzburg Festival), DALMATIA, VENICE, BERN and PARIS (Exposition).
Special Arrangements for Teachers
Consult us about your travel plans
—Our service is FREE—
Ask for literature.
AMALGAMATED BANK
11 Union Sq., N.Y. ALgonquin 4-1500

℞ MEDICAL TOUR
For Physicians and Dentists
July 3, 1937
Conducted by
DR. EDWARD COHEN
and DR. D. M. ROLLET

WHY DID
John D. Rockefeller, Jr.
WRITE TO JIM FARLEY?

See if you can answer this question after reading the remarkable article, "President Roosevelt's Dilemma", by Louis Wallis in The Christian Century, reprinted free for you.

Here is the dilemma: Business recovery must go much further; else the New Deal fails.—But if recovery *DOES* go on, it will inevitably drive up land prices, and inflate ground rents, and lead to another period of land speculation, *which will produce another economic slump.* Most "frozen paper" in banks is based on inflated land values.

Two remarkable articles by Louis Wallis, *"President Roosevelt's Dilemma"* and *"The Economic Problem,"*—both reprinted from *The Christian Century*—will be forwarded to you free by sending your name clearly written on a postal card to

Dept. C
WILLETT, CLARK & CO.,
440 South Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois

Going Away?

To assure regular delivery of *The Nation,* subscribers are requested to give us three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new. Report your change of address to the Circulation Department, *The Nation,* 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

adapted "Storm Over Patsy"—has made a play out of it which the Studio Theater of the Federal Theater Project has put on at the old Provincetown in MacDougall Street. It is not irrelevant because it helps explain the fact that the play and the production alike are gay and witty and charming—three qualities which even the publishers of the "Bible Designed to Be Read as Living Literature" did not think of mentioning in connection with the Holy Scriptures, though they did go so far as to say that the Book of Kings was "more exciting even than 'Anthony Adverse' or 'Gone with the Wind.'"

Readers who are not familiar with the story as told in the Apocrypha may know it as transmogrified by Stella Benson in her delightful tale "The Far Away Bride"; and suffice it here to say that it tells how the foolish son of a good old blind man goes on a journey and returns to restore the sight as well as to reestablish the fortunes of his father after having—with the aid of a guardian angel—made a man of himself by struggling with a monstrous fish and winning a bride whom it was first necessary to free from the clutches of Asmoday, a demon who had completely spoiled her disposition. Obviously, the story is not uneventful, and Mr. Bridie has solved what may appear almost insuperable difficulties by turning it all into a sort of sophisticated fairy tale told with artful artlessness and made the vehicle of a very touching as well as very funny commentary on human nature. The necessary and yet dangerous business of making the thing real by the introduction of significant anachronisms he has handled with admirable discretion. Somehow they always result in humanization rather than in burlesque, and they leave untouched a genuine naivete to which one can no more condescend than one could condescend to the naivete of "The Little Clay Cart" as it was performed years ago at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Besides, there are stretches of dialogue—like that between Sara and the Archangel—which are superbly wise as well as witty. The author has, to be sure, the advantage of dealing with the story of virtue rewarded, which is probably the most thoroughly engaging story in the world.

Ellen Van Volkenburg, who directed the production, and Samuel Leve, who designed the settings, have both done wonders in turning the limitations of the tiny Provincetown stage into an advantage, for they have made them contribute to the make-believe atmosphere which surrounds the whole thing; and I can only say that "Tobias and the Angel" was to me as thoroughly delightful as anything I have seen this year. Even the acting seemed just what it ought to be. I suppose it is not really very good; probably it is amateurish and unpolished. But I like it. And for these last remarks may Mary McCarthy (whose article in this week's issue please see) forgive me!

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

P. S. Admission is free, though you are supposed to telephone or write for tickets. If, as the play suggests, virtue is really rewarded, they will be in great demand.

Before you make plans for the Summer consult Page 548 and the Classified Page of this issue of *The Nation.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

On Horror's Head

THE knife edge between the ridiculous and the horrible is so thin that if a director cannot walk it a critic certainly cannot. At least that will serve as my excuse for being unable to say why it is that audiences at "Love from a Stranger" (United Artists) laugh throughout the closing ten minutes rather than shudder or hold their breaths. I think I should not have been disposed to laugh myself when the murderer of three wives (Basil Rathbone) started to move on the fourth (Ann Harding) with writhing fingers and a series of truly awful grimaces. But the audience did, and I am told that all audiences do; and so I cannot but conclude that there is something the matter with the picture—with Basil Rathbone, probably, though it could be Rowland Lee, the director, or even Ann Harding. I suspect it is Mr. Rathbone, who is more than a competent actor but who in this instance looks his part too well. Or rather he does not look his part well enough, content as he obviously is to look like a thousand other villains of melodrama rather than the particular insane one, Gerald Lovell, whom he was engaged to create in the present instance.

"Marked Woman" (Warner Brothers), with Bette Davis as a night-club girl who under provocation squeals on the clip-joint racket and sends its big shot to prison for life, is horrible in a somewhat surprising way, and the fact should be noted. The custom in such pictures is to save our feelings at the end by showing that the girl was really not scratched at all and that the young assistant district attorney has arms long enough to reach around her. Not only does this A. D. A. keep his hands to himself; the girl is knocked down and carved up—at the trial a large and convincing cross disfigures a formerly pretty cheek—and the last shot of all is far from reassuring. For as the girl walks away from court with the three friends who have supported her testimony, and who like her henceforth will have no careers, the gray possibility lingers in any spectator's mind that the sacrifice has been not only interesting but final, not to say fatal. "Marked Woman," therefore, is genuinely harrowing, and not to be recommended for the entertainment of those who prefer to enjoy their crime. I do not know how edifying it is on any grounds, though I am sure that it is somehow praiseworthy.

"The Wave," a Mexican picture at the Filmarte, comes with an acclaim which unfortunately is rather shrill—"great," "magnificent," "ranks with the ten great films of all time and all countries," etc. Greatness is not as easy as that to recognize in advance, even by George Seldes, Waldo Frank, Clifford Odets, Joseph Freeman, and Archibald MacLeish; and the plain fact is that "The Wave" moves with a more than desirable slowness. Carlos Chavez and Paul Strand wanted to avoid the snappiness of Hollywood in their story of a rising among the fishermen of Vera Cruz, and it was right to insist everywhere upon a naturalness in the native actors and an absence everywhere of manipulated melodrama; but sluggishness is no better than snap, and drama is by no means improper in a revolutionary narrative. The photography is very convincing and beautiful, the young father at his son's grave is moving, the faces by and large are wonderful, and the strike is to be sympathized with. But let us say that "The Wave" is one of the hundred best.

MARK VAN DOREN

SEE
RUSSIA with EXPERTS
Travel Seminar led by Anna Louise Strong, just back from fifteen years in U.S.S.R. Special program, services, and travel facilities. Inclusive rate..... $895
Public Health Survey led by John A. Kingsbury, co-author of "Red Medicine." Program arranged by Commissariat of Public Health. Comfortable travel. Inclusive rate $797
Sixth Annual Tour led by Julien Bryan, roving reporter for "March of Time." The great centres and ten days in Caucasian villages. Inclusive rate $694
Third Annual Travel Collective led by Joshua Kunitz, journalist in Moscow since 1935. Inclusive rate..... $543

Twenty other unusual trips in Europe and Soviet Russia. Also independent itineraries in Russia.
THE OPEN ROAD
12th Floor
8 West 40th Street New York
Cooperating with Intourist

What happened at the
TROTSKY
HEARING IN MEXICO?
Hear a Full Report by Members of the Preliminary Commission of Inquiry
SPEAKERS:
JOHN DEWEY
Chairman of the Commission
JOHN FINERTY
Counsel to the Commission
Attorney to Mooney, Sacco-Vanzetti
BENJAMIN STOLBERG
SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE
SUNDAY
MAY 9TH
8 P. M.
Mecca Temple
130 West 56th St.
Tickets—50c and 25c
Chairman:
WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK
Teachers College, Columbia University
American Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky
Phone GRamercy 7-6012 Room 1435, 22 E. 17th St., New York

SPAIN
SPEAKS to
Social Workers
MAY 10 our answer must be clear!
MONDAY—8 P. M.
A. W. A. BALLROOM
361 W. 57th St.
WALTER W. PETTIT, Presiding
HELEN M. HARRIS EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
DR. ERNST P. BOAS HARALD H. LUND
SAMUEL J. RODMAN
Foreign Correspondent, just returned from Madrid
DR. ERNESTINA GONZALES-FLEISCHMAN
Director, Library, Madrid School of Fine Arts
Auspices of
SOCIAL WORKERS COMMITTEE of the
MEDICAL BUREAU TO AID
SPANISH DEMOCRACY
130 E. 22 • Room 600 • N. Y. C. • MUrray Hill 4-5301
Admission at door, 50 cents

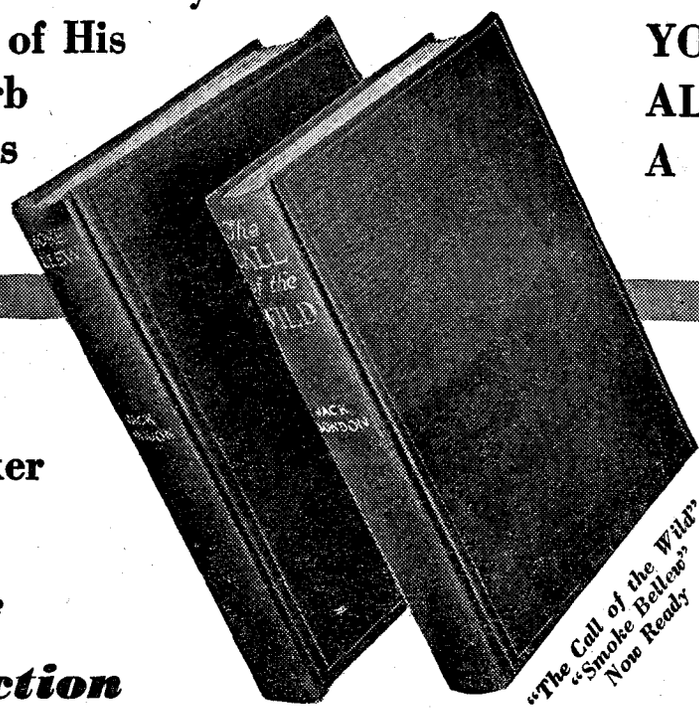
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JACK LONDON—*King of Story Tellers*

A Literary Genius of the Working Class

Now—A Library of 10 of His Superb Novels

YOURS—ALMOST A GIFT



JACK LONDON

3583 Breathless Pages Uniform Blue Bindings Titles in Gold

A Special Daily Worker Offer

Tales of Swift Action

THE TEN TITLES
of world-famous novels by Jack London now offered to Daily Worker readers are:

Group I
The Call of the Wild
Smoke Bellew
(now ready)
Group II
Martin Eden
Jerry of the Islands
Group III
The Sea Wolf
Michael, Brother of Jerry
Group IV
White Fang
The Valley of the Moon
Group V
The Iron Heel
Burning Daylight

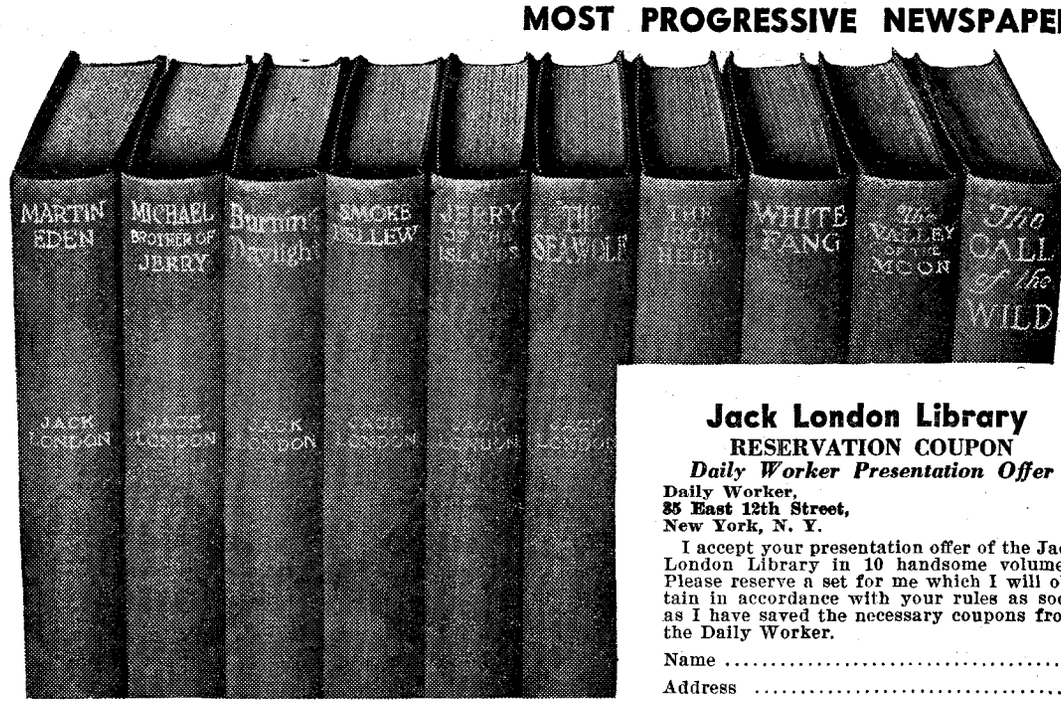
Hailed by millions as a literary titan, the very strength and power of Jack London's works soon caused publishers to let the most "dangerous" ones lapse—that is, go out of print. London was America's first modern revolutionary writer who with his passion for truth and social justice combined a rare, magnificent genius for telling a swift moving story.

With flaming anger and burning words, London laid bare the devastating effect upon workers of slum life and sweatshops. In rich prose, he told tales of manhood wrecked on hell-ships under brutal sea captains. In "The Call of the Wild," in "Smoke Bellew," in "White Fang," he wrote glowingly, dramatically of primitive battles of man and dog in the ice-locked North during the famous Klondike gold rush.

In "The Iron Heel," one of the classics of revolutionary literature, he envisaged the terror that would come with fascism. In "Martin Eden" he shattered illusions of capitalist "culture."

Now in the Daily Worker offer you have the chance to get his 10 best works practically as a gift. Send in the coupon today.

THE DAILY WORKER IS AMERICA'S MOST PROGRESSIVE NEWSPAPER



How You Can Get the Library

Get the Daily Worker on the newsstand. Clip and save the London Library coupon appearing every day in the Daily Worker until you have 14, of which at least seven must be consecutively numbered.

On presentation of the coupons, together with only 87 cents, you'll receive the first two volumes (or they will be mailed to you if you add 13 cents for postage and packing). Then, when you have saved another 14 coupons, you get another two volumes, at the same nominal cost, until you own the set.

Jack London Library
RESERVATION COUPON
Daily Worker Presentation Offer

Daily Worker,
35 East 12th Street,
New York, N. Y.

I accept your presentation offer of the Jack London Library in 10 handsome volumes. Please reserve a set for me which I will obtain in accordance with your rules as soon as I have saved the necessary coupons from the Daily Worker.

Name .....

Address .....N

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

Broadcasts from Berlin

Dear Sirs: I am glad to learn from the letter of J. Maguire in *The Nation* of April 17 that Madrid broadcasts three times a week in order to present its side of the conflict raging in Spain. These broadcasts will be an antidote to the programs sent out by the powerful JDB station (25 meters) in Berlin nightly at about ten-fifteen. The news from Berlin is colored and malignant in the best Hitlerite fashion. The Loyalists are called Bolsheviks and the rebels are misnamed Loyalists. The announcer quotes copiously from the *Giornale d'Italia, Tribuna,* and other reactionary foreign sources.

After this service there comes a letter-radio exchange. Persons who have sent letters are thanked and congratulated personally by name—even by address. The announcements are in either German or English, sometimes in Spanish for the edification of our South American friends. Is there any way by which the ravings of Hitler can be drowned out in these parts? It would be a meritorious public service to accomplish this feat.

JUDAH TIKTIN

New York, April 30

Maude Royden on Colonies

Dear Sirs: Having failed to see your issue of February 20 until recently, I am only now able to answer the attack made on me by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard. I call Mr. Villard's article an "attack" because it is so astonishing a misrepresentation of all that I said in America that I can scarcely believe that Mr. Villard actually heard me speak. That he was on the same platform with me once I vividly remember, but I think that my "charm," to which he so gracefully alludes, must have soothed him into a deep sleep.

In referring to my plea that the root cause of the desire on the part of any nation to embark on war again would be found in suffering (individuals, I said, might desire war for other reasons, but the mass of the people never), Mr. Villard commented: "The suggestion is to take away some swag from those who have improperly acquired it, usually by rapine and wholesale murder, and to give it to somebody else. Those who support this proposal seldom speak of the populations which are thus to be handed over, or ask whether the natives wish to be ruled by this country or that. They are just so many cattle to be bandied about as the white man sees fit."

It will hardly be believed that what I actually said was that we British could not offer to give back her colonies to Germany *since it was not right to speak of "giving" human beings about from one to another as though they were so much livestock.* My own proposal was that we British should offer to allow some impartial authority to find out the wishes of the people concerned, whether they wished to be governed by a mandate from Great Britain or from Germany or to be free to govern themselves. I pointed out that Germany would infallibly reply that if we wished to apply this principle to what used to be her colonies, we should also apply it to those which are and have been our colonies. I said that we ought to be willing to do this and that we might very well begin with India.

If I really had said what Mr. Villard represents me as saying, it would have been infinitely better if I had never come to America at all.

A. MAUDE ROYDEN

Sevenoaks, Kent, England, April 8

Dear Sirs: I need offer no defense against Miss Royden's charge; nobody ever slumbered when she spoke. Miss Royden, when I heard her, did not go into the details of her views as to colonies, which, as stated here, are unexceptionable. Had she done so I should never have used her remark as a text for a little sermon against those who regard colonies as pieces of land with no regard to their populations. If I misunderstood her words I apologize unreservedly. Of course no "attack" was intended.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

New York, April 28

An Apology to Mr. Ickes

Dear Sirs: After the publication of my article Chicago Is Broke, in *The Nation* of February 13, Mr. Harold L. Ickes wrote me that he regarded the following statement as an "evident slur" on him: "But when the election comes along, everybody is for Roosevelt and Roosevelt is for everybody, and Ickes sees the light and comes through with an Outer Drive Bridge. . . ." I hereby tender Mr. Ickes an apology for any possible misinterpretation of my statement either by him or by *The Nation's* readers. I defer to no man in my admiration of Mr. Ickes and of his thirty years' war for civic reform in Chicago.

The New Deal, however, has transformed more than one reformer into a practical, or Roosevelt-Farley, idealist. I recall that in 1933 Mr. Ickes withheld a grant from the Roosevelt-Kelly-Nash Chicago Sanitary District until that municipality cleaned house and fired from 200 to 250 pay-rollers. Two and a half years later Mr. Ickes assumed no such moral authority when he bailed out the Roosevelt-Kelly-Nash Chicago Park District with $2,000,000 to resume construction of the Outer Drive Bridge. Without Mr. Ickes's grant the Roosevelt-Kelly-Nash machine might have had to explain, just before the 1936 election, why $6,700,000 of the $9,630,000 which Chicago had voted six years before to finance the bridge had been used as a revolving fund to meet padded pay rolls and to pay the principal and interest on previous bond issues. When I said that Mr. Ickes "saw the light," I meant that he was at last convinced that his function as Public Works Administrator was to put men to work even if he made votes for the Roosevelt-Kelly-Nash machine.

Chicago, April 29 MILTON S. MAYER

For a National Congress of American Writers

Dear Sirs: Today in America there are signs of a literary revival that may resemble or surpass that of the period from 1912 to 1916. Those of us who remember the hopeful activity of those years can also remember how it was cut short by the war. And we can see that the promise of the 1930's is threatened in a still more definite fashion.

In our own country fascism is still afraid to wear a uniform. Against it there has been an impressive rallying of the forces that favor democracy. American labor—the strongest of these forces—is organizing itself for what is really the first time. And this rebirth of the American labor movement is connected with the new stirrings in literature—not as cause and effect, but rather as two parallel manifestations of the same progressive forces.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The growth of the labor movement is being and will be resisted. Fascism will be encouraged and financed as an effective means of "keeping labor in its place." Even war will be used. And under a fascist regime literature will fare no better than labor; that is one of the reasons why we are issuing invitations to a national congress of American writers. We hope to see the establishment of a national organization of American writers, and we suggest that the aims of such an organization should be, first, to provide a center for the cultural activities of American writers and a link between writers now separated by age or place of residence; second, to help in raising cultural standards by the discussion of literary problems; third, to arrange lectures and conferences and issue a magazine; fourth, to maintain friendly relations with the writers of other countries by contact with their organizations and also by encouraging the translation of important works; fifth, to defend the political and social institutions that make for peace—and specifically to defend the democratic rights to education and freedom of thought and expression; sixth, to effect an alliance for cultural defense between American writers and all progressive forces in the nation.

We invite writers of professional standing who agree generally with our aims to take part in a National Writers' Congress to be held in New York City June 4, 5, and 6, 1937. Writers who are interested in the congress may secure further information by writing to the League of American Writers at 125 East Twenty-fourth Street.

NEWTON ARVIN, VAN WYCK BROOKS, ERSKINE CALDWELL, MALCOLM COWLEY, PAUL DE KRUIF, WALDO FRANK, LANGSTON HUGHES, JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, JOHN HOWARD LAWSON, ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, CLAUDE MCKAY, VINCENT SHEEAN, UPTON SINCLAIR, GEORGE SOULE, DONALD OGDEN STEWART, GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER, CARL VAN DOREN, ELLA WINTER, LEWIS MUMFORD

New York, April 21

Books for Workers

Dear Sirs: A number of Pittsburgh educators, labor leaders, and professional people have established several workers' schools in the industrial towns around Pittsburgh. What we particularly need now is a traveling library for these communities. We need books on labor problems, labor history, labor and the law, proletarian novels, plays, and poetry.

Books or money for books may be sent to Workers' Schools in Western Pennsylvania, 206 Stanwix Street, Pittsburgh.

ROSE M. STEIN, Secretary

Pittsburgh, Pa., April 30

CONTRIBUTORS

DWIGHT MACDONALD was a member of the editorial staff of *Fortune* from March, 1929, until June, 1936.

FREDERICK R. BARKLEY is on the Washington staff of the Baltimore *Evening Sun.*

MARY McCARTHY in collaboration with Margaret Marshall wrote a series of articles on the literary critics which was published in *The Nation* in the fall of 1935.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50 cents. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

FOR RENT

Charming 4 room log-cabin-type House in picturesque part of Catskills—Fronting on Stream. All modern improvements—gas and electricity —huge log-burning fire-place. Fully equipped bathroom and kitchen. Bathing facilities. $300 for season—June 1 to Oct. 1—110 miles from New York. Redler, 136 West 21 Street—CHelsea 3-5955.

Harrison, Maine. 350 miles. Island camp; 12 acres, sandy beach, gas, plumbing. Six rooms, bath. Accommodates 8. $300 season. Shongut, Mohegan Lake, N. Y.

SUMMER COTTAGE FOR RENT: Five rooms, electricity, water, brook, 300- acre farm, 115 miles from city. $200. To rent to family with young children. ST. 9-7711. MILVY, 25 East 10th St.

Something different in a bungalow; three rooms, sleeping porch, modern; children's counselor available; forty acres beautiful grounds; $250 season; 50 miles N. Y. C. CAnal 6-1840.

FOR SALE

IDEAL RETREAT IN WESTPORT, CONN. Unusually attractive studio bungalow—6 rooms of rare charm on picturesque river—easy commutation—swimming pool, tennis court on property—golf—salt water beaches —riding academies nearby—Call WIsconsin 7-4149 for appointment.

VACATION FUNDS Will Buy A Small COUNTRY PLACE
Year Round Pleasure—Enduring Value
C. RICK, Crompond Rd., Peekskill, N. Y. Tel. 2515-M

RANCH FOR SALE

Picturesque Montana Ranch, 105 acres naturally sub-irrigated alfafa meadow, 1015 acres pastures, well fenced, low price. Aged couple retiring. Box No. 902, c/o The Nation.

FOR RENT—FOR SALE

WESTPORT, Conn. For rent—charming large house; modern improvements, tennis, swimming, children's camp on grounds. Also bungalow for rent or sale. Call WAtkins 9-3045.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

237 Henry Street. 2 rooms and small kitchen, all improvements, $34 up. (East Broadway Station 8th Ave.)

APARTMENT TO SUB-LET

13 Charles St. June, July, August, $200. 3 unusually light, large rooms with kichen and bath. 4 exposures. Completely furnished. Tel. CHelsea 3-7764.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

2 room furnished apartment, airy, sunny and charming; downtown. To share with girl. WAlker 5-9735 between 6-7.

WANTED

Woman and child desire to rent or share small cottage or shack on location affording combination of seashore and country, 1 hour New York. Box No. 904, c/o The Nation.

APARTMENT—EXCHANGE

Race Relations Researchers! Rare documents available this summer if you exchange New York apartment near Columbia for white professor's home in Atlanta Negro district. Box No. 905, c/o The Nation.

ROOMS FOR RENT

Why live within four walls? Enjoy sociable, interesting atmosphere. River breezes. $4.50-$8.50. 301 West 108th St. ACademy 4-8722.

Kay's Inn, Highland Mills, N. Y. Renting rooms for season, $75 per room and up. Sports. Call GRamercy 7-6429 between 4 and 7 P. M.

BOOK

Six Poems from the Russian

A. S. PUSHKIN — Ruslan and Ludmilla, Poltava, Caucasian Captive
Y. M. LERMONTOV — Izmael Bey, Lithuanian Maid, The Daemon

Pushkin: What Is Poetic Inspiration:

Some claim I smeared here my own portrait
Like Byron, who of pride was poet,
As though it is impossible for us to write
Poems about no one else
About no other one but ourselves.

I will mark in passing: all the poets
Of the dreams of love are friends
And often charming objects
Appear in our dreams by chance
The secret images survive
And by the sacred lyre are brought again to life
Thus carefree, I did create
The images of the mountain maid
And of the prisoner-maids of Salgyre
(From Eugene Onegin)

Illustrations by Herbert Fouts, 317 pp. $2

Send only checks or money orders through mail

JACOB KRUP, Publisher and Editor
145 East 23rd Street New York, N. Y.
Watch May 22—Press comments describing the book

ROOM WANTED

Gentleman wants comfortable room in high class apartment with private Jewish family. Broadway section between 90-120th St. Box No. 903, c/o The Nation.

ORANGES FOR SALE

Sweet, juicy, sun-ripened on trees. Delivered Express prepaid. $4.00 bushel. Grapefruit $3.25. No sprays used. A. H. Burket, Sebring, Florida.

Classified Advertisements
62c a line
(3 lines minimum)
THE NATION
20 Vesey Street New York City
COrtlandt 7-3330

When writing to advertisers please mention **The Nation**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED